

POEMS AND LYRICS

Mr. & Mrs. William Graham Simpson



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To Mrs. Chester.

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Sept. 1924.

Poems and Lyrics
By Mr. and Mrs.
William Graham Simpson



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*By Mr. and Mrs. William
Graham Simpson*



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1903

DEDICATED IN LOVE
TO
MISS ELLEN M. STEVENS,
“A FRIEND INDEED”

191951

Preface.

IN launching this little book, by the loving aid of her who has proved herself “a friend indeed,” one feels that, though its journey be marked by no salute, yet it may perchance carry some food for reflection and hope to a few of life’s travellers.

If, on the other hand, some controversial points be found—why, what of that? History is made by the discussion of opinions.

E. B.

March, 1903.

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POEMS AND LYRICS
BY THE LATE
WILLIAM GRAHAM SIMPSON

IN MEMORIAM PATRIS.

WHAT though no stone shall mark to traveller's eye
 Where of thy noble form the ruins lie?
 Thy sacred dust to guard with pious care,
 Thy name, thine age, thy virtues to declare?
 It matters not. Lo! thou hast laid thee down
 With Kings and Prophets mightiest in renown,
 Whose monuments, like landmarks o'er the flood,
 Have lifted up their heads and proudly stood
 Amid the wreck of empires,—yet at last
 The waves of Time e'en over them have pass'd.
 Ah! many a gallant barque of richest freight,
 That long has struggled with the storms of fate,
 Hath sunk beneath those waves, which ne'er reveal
 What treasures their unfathom'd depths conceal.
 Yet would affection fondly linger near
 The hallow'd spot that covers all most dear;
 Nor deem in vain those efforts that express
 The heart's o'erflowing, unchang'd tenderness:
 For this the sad funereal rites we pay,
 And bear some relics of lov'd friends away;
 For this, while wealth the costly marble rears
 Where Grief's vain image weeps her stony tears,
 Oft by that unmark'd grave with grass o'ergrown
 Will humble sorrow come, to weep, alone,
 While night dews fall, and o'er earth's meaner woes
 Oblivion draws the curtain of repose.
 Grief, unobtrusive, shuns the vain display
 And ill-matched splendours of the garish day,
 The noise and tumult of the busy crowd,

Nor meets the ear with lamentations loud;
But in the dusky mantle of the night
The pale-fac'd Moon her lonely steps doth light,
While of her virgin train of sister stars
Not one attendant on her path appears.
Meek sorrow's emblem !—thou alone art near,
The conscious witness of a grief sincere,
That with no outward forms of feign'd art
Unlocks the sacred fountain of the heart,—
That bids the silent tear of sorrow flow,
And finds a secret luxury in woe.
Nor deem this weakness, if, to nature true,
Those fond attentions she would feign renew
To one whose dust to dust in earth is gone
(As if unconscious of whate'er is done).
Haply, while o'er the grave the mourner pours
The tender tribute of a few frail flowers,
Her spirit still mysterious converse holds,
And the lov'd image of her soul infolds.
Yet—speaks a Voice—such actions sure attest—
Else whence their power to soothe the troubled breast
E'en as an angel's whisper? Hope doth rise,
And thus, prophetic, pointing to the skies,
She speaks—"There is--there is a time to come
When worth shall triumph o'er the silent tomb:
Virtue, too long insulted and oppress'd,
Shall see her rights redeem'd, her wrongs redress'd."

ON THE OPENING OF THE GREAT
EXHIBITION, 1851.

'Tis day, and night's pale squadrons all are fled,
While o'er the sky, his orient banners spread,
Like a triumphal conqueror, the Sun
His heavenly march begins, and binds upon
His glowing brows the freshness of the Spring.
"Io triumphe!" Nature seems to sing.
O'er hill and dale, o'er mountain, tower, and town
His all-surveying eye with pride looks down,
And sees, beneath the green thorn hedges, stray
The merry maids to pluck the flowery May.
Awakes in every forest, every grove,
The voice of joy and harmony and love.
Now let the Bard whom scenes like this inspire
In ancient homage join the woodland choir;
And to his charmed eye in fancy sweet,
Bright omens of the future let him greet;
See smiling Peace and Industry appear,
And all the flushing promise of the year.
"Io triumphe!" still repeat the strain:
No blood-stain'd trophies swell the pompous train;
No slaves in fetters bound, nor gleaming spears,
Nor orphans' wail, nor widows' hopeless tears
Attend the triumph of thy peaceful might,
Oh happy day! But round thy chariot bright
Attend the Graces and the Zephyrs mild,
And Hope and Joy, and Peace, thy dove-ey'd child!
No more, ye tyrants of th' inverted year,
Your blasts of desolation may we hear.

Back to your frozen caves far hence, away !
 Or, now transformed, the summer's heats allay
 With gentler breath, nor budding hopes betray.
 But lo ! arising from the azure deep,
 While hushed in halcyon calm the billows sleep,
 The Queen of Isles, like her of Ocean born,
 Smiles peace and welcome on this happy morn.
 " Nations, forget war's horrors and alarms "
 ('Tis thus she speaks), " contend no more in arms.
 In nobler arts contend, like those that thrive
 Where wealth from industry my happy realms derive."
 She said, and mounting from her pearly car,
 Her swift Vulcanian chariot borne afar
 Through rock-ribbed mountains, over hill and dale
 And the majestic river's silver trail
 She flies; nor stays her wingèd dragon fierce
 Till where Augusta thousand towers uprears.
 There she alights and waves her potent wand :
 The ready genii start at her command,
 Art, Industry, and Science, and unite
 Their various skill, and, dazzling to the sight,
 Lo ! a Crystalline Palace straight appears ;
 Spread many a rood, its lofty bulk it rears.
 As doves from regions far remote that fly,
 And with unwearied pinions cleave the sky,
 So from far-distant nations here resort
 The white-wing'd ships, and hail the welcome port.
 Augusta pours her busy myriads forth,
 And from the country east, south, west, and north
 The sons of labour crowd, and eager strive,
 Like bees in summer to their murmuring hive.
 In varied garb they come, in decent guise,
 Whate'er the fleece or silkworm's thread supplies,
 Or flax or cotton,—dark-complexioned, fair,—
 Turban'd or capp'd,—all to that scene repair.

Ring out the bells from every cross-crowned tower,
 To greet the dawn of honour'd Labour's power.
 The sun, that bids the lazy vapours fly
 That still oppress the City's smoky sky,
 Breaks forth in honest welcome, with a smile,
 And every lurking shadow doth beguile.
 So let the smoke of war, and clouds obscure
 Of error, melt before thy presence pure.
 Long hast thou viewed such scenes 'twere shame to
 — tell,
 And this fair earth has seemed another hell;
 But ne'er, O Sun, didst thou behold a day
 Worthier thy brightest beams than this of May,
 Save that whereon the Prince of Peace came down,
 And for a manger left His starry crown.
 Hast thou not sickened with the reeking fume
 Of slaughtered hosts, seen the defenceless doom
 Of cities spoil'd, and blazing villages,
 The Demon War's stern, ruthless ravages,
 Hearths desolate, hearts broken, and the tears
 Of infant innocence, of hoary years
 Spurned at alike by brutal Cruelty,
 Murder and lawless Lust and drunken Revelry?
 Oh! the heart sickens—'tis enough!—yet more,
 Hast thou not seen the captive at the oar,
 And Manhood's fettered limbs to grace a Conqueror?
 Hast thou not seen, oh! foulest blot and shame,
 On those who freedom boast, and Christian name,
 The iron of oppression eat the soul
 Of manhood out, and (Hell could not extol
 A deed more worthy of itself) the deed
 Is drawn to justify its further need,—
 Hast thou not seen the Law, the weak's defence,
 Enleagu'd with selfishness, thy gifts dispense?
 And light and knowledge, impiously controlled,

Free birthright of mankind, by measure doled?
 And for those fruits thy loving smile might cherish,
 In vain the hungry soul might pine and perish?
 Yes, thou hast seen all this, and future days
 Shall read the history with sad amaze.
 But thou hast seen dread Retribution wait,
 And Heaven's just law avenge on guilty state,
 Remorse and Fears and Ruin dog the heels
 Of guilt;—and sure tho' late the Tyrant feels
 The Sceptre from his feeble grasp is torn
 By that high Judge who treats with equal scorn
 The bribes of Wealth, the pride of Power and Lust,
 And treads his hope and glory in the dust.
 And, Death, thou foe to Tyrants, but the Friend
 Of Innocence, Thou bring'st a speedy end,
 Short at the longest to the Tyrant's reign;
 And Thou dost free the Captive from his Chain.
 Ah, here, the depths of Wisdom and of Grace
 In man's short life let us devoutly trace,
 Enough for Virtue; not too short for Crime;
 Gigantic grown in days of ancient time.
 Thou Sun, dost now behold with solemn eye
 The echoing streets where owls and satyrs cry,
 The wrecks of mighty Empires swept away,
 Whose grasping power o'er prostrate earth held sway
 But not for ever? Blood-cemented Might
 Must bow before inexorable Right;
 And Thebes and Nineveh e'en from their grave
 Rise to repeat the warning prophets gave;
 And while once more their hoary relics stand
 Expos'd to curious gaze on Britain's strand,
 As erst to wond'ring thousands to whom Fame
 Had never wafted great Britannia's name,
 Then barbarous, with silent eloquence,
 They speak the vengeance of Omnipotence.

Yes, theirs an ear the Slave's strong cry can find,
 An arm to vindicate oppress'd mankind.
 Nor needs that Wrath, reluctant, long forborne
 Should speak in thunder, or the towers o'erturn,
 That, lifting their proud heads, His power defied,
 And Earth a living grave should open wide:—
 "'Tis His strange work!"—but what hath been,
 may be;

Both how and when to strike; His liberty
 Hath no impeachment, that, by sufferance they
 Who live, a salutary fear may stay.
 But oftener by an unperceived access
 States pass from ripeness into rottenness;
 The very sources of their power become
 Diseased, and hasten on their final doom.
 Shall such a doom be thine, oh, City great?
 Not while the seasoning salt of virtue yet
 Preserves proportion,—Never, till that day
 Ten righteous men for thee no longer pray,
 For thee no longer strive, and for the world,
 That vice and crime to nether shades be hurl'd.
 Heart of the world thou art,—each pulse doth send
 A quickening throb to earth's remotest end,
 And from thee yet shall circulate a flood
 Of nobler, freer, and more generous blood.
 Thy merchantmen are princes of the earth;
 And hearts of princes, if not princely birth,
 Have many—oh, it is a noble sight
 To see those princely potentates unite,
 Not to oppress, but plan those works sublime,
 To bless mankind, through every age and clime.
 And thou, O Prince! pre-eminence by worth,
 Not less approv'd than thine, by royal birth,
 Illustrious Albert, thou dost take thy stand
 Amidst the chiefs and nobles of the land—

8 OPENING OF EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Accept this earnest of that lasting praise
The unbought Muse ordains through latest days.
And when forgotten be the names of Kings,
Thy fame shall spread aloft her starry wings;
No type of thine the monuments of glass,
The brittle bubbles down the stream that pass,
Thou, like the Sun, unconscious of his beams
Which thus in giving the more glorious seems,
Shalt shine, and unborn nations bless the ray
That shines and consecrates this First of May,
The inauguration of an era new,
When Kings shall know them men, and men shall
view
Each other brethren, war be laid aside,
And how to save, not take man's life, their pride,
How to adorn and polish, not destroy,
Their nobler emulation shall employ.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSE OF THE
YEAR 1852.

Time, Midnight.

TIME's strong resistless flood is sweeping on,
Not only bearing straws, and things thought mean,
But works which sumptuous pride with vast expense
Hath reared, and works of wisdom and of art,
And works cemented strong with human blood,
Trophies of tyranny, and nobler works,
The works of genius and of deep research,
Which, builded in that blank of human life
Imputed not as Time, when thou, O lamp,
Art nightly witness to their pale-fac'd toils,
They vainly thought secure from Time's attacks:
Alas, not always so, nay, never so;
For all things have an end: the ancient hills,
The only monuments that last all time,
And they are not of men, e'en they "wax old."
And Time herself, the eldest born of God,
Who stood with Him when all things first He form'd,
Shall perish too.

The Clock strikes Twelve.

But whence those unaccustomed sounds of mirth
And revelry that rudely strike the ear
In night's dull silence?—while at intervals,
Like to a passing spirit's solemn moan
The winds of winter howl their funeral dirge
Over the dying year;—as if unloos'd
The spirits of the nether world rejoiced

To hold a carnival with orgies wild,
 While mortals slept: till day's too curious eye
 Should chase them to their quiet resting-place.
 Alas, the mirth insane of mortal men.
 How can they thus exult o'er treasure lost?
 Let slumb'ring conscience wake, and from the past
 In solemn introspection, bid appear
 The ghosts of murdered hours; and ask their worth,
 When in the Turret of Eternity
 Shall toll life's latest hour.

Were earth indeed man's cradle and his grave,
 Were no immortal longings in his breast,
 No aching void which earth can ne'er fill up,
 Then thought were folly; and, far happier, far,
 The brute that grazes and lies down to rest.
 But is it so? Then why that "cradle" hung
 Amidst the stars? and that eternal "tomb"
 Illuminated with eternal light?

Befitting then a creature of such hopes
 It is to pause at such a time as this,
 Nor ever live at random, or in vain
 Pursuit of trifles, like the bubbles blown
 By thoughtless childhood, bursting ere they're
 grasp'd.

And now the double Janus stands upon
 The threshold of the year, and opes his gates.
 And Hope, the smiling seraph, beckons us,
 Anticipation's sister, she, more fair,
 Blotting her sister's gloomier fancies out
 With sweetest flowers, the infants of the year,
 And with a pencil dipt in Iris' hues
 As fair and fleeting,—draws the future scene
 And gilds the prospect of the untried way.

But ere we enter, memory, lingering sadly
 Amidst the graves of hopes and joys departed,
 Her disenchanting wand, experience, rears
 And bids a moment's glance upon the page
 The Past has writ :—oh, record sad and strange
 Of sin and folly, blotted too with tears.

Tremendous thought ! the good or ill we do
 Lives after us, and if by natural law
 Of sure progression, the momentum given,
 The influence of our character and acts
 Must still go on, increasingly and ever
 (Unless some hand omnipotent intervene).
 Then what a wide contagion may we spread,
 What crops of misery from one seed of vice,
 What propagation of sin's direful brood,
 Black as Cocytus' stream, that poison bears
 To unborn generations, tainting all
 The scenes of life and joy and innocence !

Ah, happier they, the parents of a race
 Of still increasing progeny divine,
 Which shall "arise to call their parents blessed."
 Far more than patriarchal honours theirs,
 Though from their loins no sceptred kings descend,
 To lord it o'er this earthly ball a while ;—
 "A better name and heritage is theirs
 Than sons and daughters." And the gnawing tooth
 Of Time, that crumbles down the living forms
 Of statued marble, never can efface
 The record of their deeds—though here unknown ;
 Their monuments the immortal spirits brought,
 With self-denying labours, from the dark
 Rough quarry of their ignorance and vice,
 Re-hewn and polish'd to supernal grace.

Oh, ye who sow the seeds of love and truth,
 Though ye may "sow in tears," yet shall ye reap
 A harvest-home of gladness. Ho ! good cheer,
 Ye princes in disguise who nobly war
 In "battles of the Lord" against the false.
 Though dark and terrible the cloud of war
 O'er Europe lowers—and Britain too may feel
 Some of its fury, and the dream of peace
 We late indulg'd may vanish like the fair
 Ethereal temple that we deemed its type—
 So fairest morn may sudden be o'ercast.
 Yet, yet your Kingdom and your Father's comes.
 Success may justify awhile the ill,
 And partial views approve in justice done
 To further seeming good, and policy,
 Expediency, necessity be pled,
 To veil a ruffian's deed ; yet righteous God
 No cause will own as His that needs such means.
 Good is eternal : evil works its cure.
 Unfaltering trust and duty then are ours ;
 Events are God's. Lo, in His armoury
 Are polished shafts and keen, occasion waiting ;
 But from the little that we know we learn
 Nought less than Wisdom absolute and Power
 Almighty are concerned to work the plans
 Of all-embracing and unchanging Love.

But ere those plans to happy issue come,
 For which we labour and in patience hope,
 Many shall err from the straight line prescribed,
 Many shall sleep in undisturbed repose
 Beneath the mighty waves that strew with wrecks
 The shores of Time. And while we fondly muse
 On days departed never to return,
 Or drop the tear to sacred friendships due—

For, many have not seen the annual round
 Of the departing year, who, with ourselves
 As strong, as vigorous, and as full of hope,
 Saw its commencement,—who, ah, who can say
 That he shall see another cycle end?
 And some like withered leaves the storm hath spar'd
 Upon the topmost boughs, hang doubtfully,
 Ready to fall with every passing breath
 That sways them to and fro. So pass away
 Successive generations like the leaves
 O' the forest. And oh ! Children of the Oak
 Whose stem has stood full many a bitter blast,
 Your latest honour—Wellington,—is shed.
 Now desolation holds the naked plain :
 And lifting up her bare and wither'd arms,
 Like aged widow reft of her brave son,
 The Oak of Albion mourns.

But come that end

That comes to all, or soon, or late, or joy,
 Or sorrow be companion of our road ;—
 Or storm or sunshine, let us e'en descend
 The Mount of Contemplation—grasp afresh
 Our pilgrim's staff, and, cheerful, journey on.

PEACE AND WAR.

(A SEQUEL TO THE LINES ON THE GREAT EXHIBITION.)

(1854.)

WE dreamed of peace and fondly trusted
 Our swords had in their scabbards rusted,
 Nor yet the generous hope is vain,
 Though War's dark clouds brood o'er again :
 The fairy vision still is set,
 A rainbow full of promise yet.
 Though Scythian Hordes like winter's storm
 The smiling scene of peace deform,
 And threaten all that we would cherish—
 Earth's noblest fruits shall not so perish.

We dreamed of Peace—but can it be?
 Sweet Peace divorced from Liberty?
 Ah, no, such peace were bought too dear,
 Cold and dishonoured as the bier—
 And worse than death, the living grave
 That festering holds the soulless slave.
 To generous deeds he ne'er can rise,
 Nor taste of peace, fair virtue's prize,
 For what is Virtue but a strife,
 A battle with the ills of life?
 Not vainly then have bards of old
 In loftiest songs the praises told
 Of men who for mankind have bled,
 And spurned a life to slavery wed;
 And as the fabled Phoenix springs

To life again and spreads her wings,
E'en from the fires that her consume,
So starts their spirit from the tomb
To animate each future age,
To baffle still the tyrant's rage.
But should the soil, baptised in vain,
A sloth-enervate race sustain,
Unworthy of their noble sires,
Whom freedom's work no more inspires,
They scorned, degraded may remain,
And nought but manhood's form retain:
Then shall no social pleasures cheer,
No wife, no friends, no children dear,
But all life's better feelings flow
To sharpen still their recreant woe.
The "mild paternal" Despot's rule,
The classic Cossack's liberal school
Shall teach them wisdom without doubt—
The sabre and the "holy" knout.
But from such direful fate if spared,
By men whose hearts have bravely dared
To meet the foe to freedom's cause,
And still maintain her righteous laws,
Let such turn pale at tales of war,
And death as worst of ills declare,
And let them purchase short reprieve
But take not the prerogative;
Not theirs, forsooth, to judge, condemn,
Far less to pity noble men.
No. Honoured if they fall, their name
Their country's grateful tears shall claim;
Like holiest incense shall arise
To heaven their precious sacrifice;
Their name shall be enrolled in story,
Their spirits free shall walk in glory.

We dreamed of Peace—we dream no longer,
But rising from the vision stronger,
We bid “God speed” to those who go
To fight with Europe’s common foe;
And welcome their return shall be
With fruits of peace—and liberty.

HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON MAN.

(ADDENDA TO POPE.)

OH, wise provision of the Almighty's plan,
 That hides the future from the eyes of man;
 Yet through the darkest shades of sorrow's night
 Directs a glimmering ray of needful light,
 Sufficient to reveal each latent snare,
 That prudent forethought timely should beware,
 But circumscribes the range of mortal view,
 Since present Duty's all we have to do.
 One single step beyond—and nought appears,
 Save, down the long-withdrawing vale of years
 An opening bright, a prospect from afar
 Like the pale ray of some high distant star,
 So falls a ray from Heaven to guide and bless
 Man's erring steps 'midst danger and distress.

But what avails that Heaven, both kind and wise,
 Alike in what it gives and what denies,
 Hath o'er futurity a curtain thrown,
 If, with a burden that is not its own
 We spoil the present and life's surest hour,
 Mistrusting still His goodness and His power—
 Why should to-day to-morrow's ills endure,
 Unless to-day to-morrow's ills can cure?
 Why, while the joy-winged moments quickly haste,
 Should we the present for the future waste?
 And by our fears from Time's dark womb bring forth
 Grievs premature, perchance abortive, birth?

For if our hopes are sometimes proved untrue,
Are not our fears oft disappointed too?

Go to, then; what of joy this hour supplies
Receive with thankfulness and duly prize,
Nor spoil that joy by over-anxious care
Of what to-morrow in its train may bear;
To-day is ours, to-morrow's not our own,
And if it comes, 'twill be as quickly flown.
At least we gain some comfort from the thought,
Each moment bears away the load it brought,
Imps its light wings, flies swifter than the wind.
Another comes, is gone, another comes behind.
Thus, in succession as they come and go,
They bear away the mountain of our woe;
And years of long-protracted sorrow seem
An idle tale, a short tho' troubled dream.

What if our eye too curious could scan
All that awaits us in our mortal span,
The burthen were too heavy to be borne,
And man in constant drudgery would mourn;
Scarce would he dare to pause for nature's rest,
Each hasty meal would urgent care infest,
And his dull languid spirits unrefresh't,
Without one joy to mitigate his doom,
His only hope would be an early tomb.
But Heaven, to human weakness truly kind,
Has fixed the due horizon of the mind;
With grateful interludes our work beguiles,
And still with hope upon our effort smiles.

THE EMIGRANT'S DEPARTURE.

MYSTERIOUS power, transcending time and space
 That links the mortal with immortal race,
 Thought! lend thine aid propitious while I rise
 Not with bold wing like him who pierced the skies
 With too advent'rous rashness, and who fell
 As legends—not without their moral—tell;
 But on thy subtle wing upborne with speed
 That hurries past the lightning, and can lead
 The Day's ethereal coursers, where's the bound
 Of length, or breadth, or height, or depth profound,
 In earth, or air, or sea—what region say
 But thy keen eye hath searched and own'd thy
 sovereign sway?

Ah, yet the great unknown lies stretched before,
 The horizon still recedes for evermore;
 Tempting, it still eludes our feeble grasp,
 That would the circle of all being clasp.

But—by whatever name invok'd or known,
 Muse—if that name thou'rt not ashamed to own,
 When every witless soul, with sense at war
 Proclaims himself thine honour'd worshipper,
 And idle rhymes mistake for poet's art,
 That neither teach the head nor touch the heart,
 No—I will not invoke thee by that name.

My rhyme's an accident, and I disclaim
 The Poet's lofty title, while my verse
 The themes of ordinary life rehearse.

Yet at this hour, while night's dark curtains close,
 And the tired limbs of Labour seek repose,
 And dewy slumber steals upon the air
 With sweet oblivion of all worldly care,
 Save o'er the couch where Love sad vigils keeps
 And pain or sorrow only wakes and weeps,
 Or hearts crime haunted quail beneath the eye
 Of victims calling vengeance from the sky—
 At such an hour—when Fancy's wing is free
 And dreams and spirits walk—I'll fly to thee,
 Borne on the cloud-rack, or the wild Sea-mew
 With me shall skim the deep, while I pursue
 Thy lonely track amid the waters wide,
 And climb, unseen, thy stately vessel's side.

And now the bustle and excitement o'er
 Of preparation, ere thy native shore
 Thou leav'st, dear comrade, and the day's last smile
 Thou'st pensive mark'd that lingered o'er thine isle,
 And as thine eyes with tears unbidden fill,
 "England, with all thy faults I love thee still."—
 I heard—till dim-descried, then sought in vain,
 The white-robed Albion sank into the main,
 While disengaged from her maternal breast
 A thousand pinions flutter, nor shall rest,
 Till, dove-like, they return once more to hide—
 As thou dost hope?—within her bosom wide.

So Fancy dreams and Memory now renews
 The pictures of the Past she 'fore thy vision strews ;

Thy thoughts are of thy home, thy sisters fair,
 And tender mother breathing forth her prayer,
 Her gentle voice, her saintly placid mien,
 And every heart-endear'd and hallow'd scene,
 Scenes that, while memory lasts, thy bosom's
 chords
 Shall thrill with feeling all too deep for words.

And now night's chilly dews are o'er thee shed,
 While on the deck thy thoughtful footsteps tread.
 Like some tall sheeted ghost thy vessel glides,
 While gently murmuring as her keel divides
 The azure field, the waters shimmering play
 Like diamonds sparkling 'neath the moon's pale
 ray.

Onward—each moment wider space is placed
 Between thee and the scenes thy fancy traced.
 Let other scenes thy fancy now employ,
 Go! dream below of scenes of future joy.

But ere thou seek'st tired Nature's wish'd repose
 Beneath night's raven wing that starlit glows
 As with unnumbered eyes—like Providence,
 That ever watcheth o'er us, and from hence
 Would lift our hearts, in accents not denied,
 Save by the tongue of foolish human pride,
 To hopes that brighten like those worlds afar—
 So bend thy knee, a reverend worshipper.

Be not ashamed to own the power of prayer,
 Commit thyself to God's unceasing care,
 And safe through unseen perils of the deep
 His hand shall guide while thou shalt softly sleep.

Sweet be the song, as fairy bells were ringing
 Gentle and clear, as guardian angels singing
 Upon thy drowsy ear I'd work a spell,
 With wizard words thy future fate foretell—
 Hope! Fancy! On your magic canvas lay
 Your brightest hues, your loveliest dreams display,
 And let the exile's heart with joy run o'er:
 A truce low-thoughted Care and Sorrow's power.

Four moons, so truthful be mine augury—
 Four moons to wax and wane thine eyes shall see
 Upon the boundless ocean, ere thou stand
 Like faithful Abr'ham on that Promised Land,
 The land of promise and of hope to thee,
 Though pilgrim still in heart like him thou'lt be,
 And seek, faith-led and heaven-directed still,
 "A better land" than brightest dreams reveal.
 Meantime, new climes, new scenes thine active mind
 Shall occupy, as those thou'st left behind;
 And in the little world around thee thrown,
 A seedling, not unnoticed, though far blown,
 From the great over-crowded parent tree,—
 Age-struck and palsied of humanity—
 Thou bear'st the precious germs of vigorous life,
 To fructify, expand unchecked by strife
 Of narrow competition, till the round
 Of Earth itself shall be the only bound
 Of Freedom's Sons, rejoicing still to claim
 The language, laws, and Anglo-Saxon name;
 What Milton, Shakespeare sang, from age to age
 Shall be their boast, their glorious heritage.

Already too upon the farther shore
 Are friends to greet thee, who have gone before;

Their generous warmth shall dissipate thy fears,
 And smooth thy path, and wipe away thy tears;
 And other friendships, and still dearer ties
 Shall bind thee to the home thy lot supplies,
 Till 'neath thy humble, independent roof,
 From poverty and galling pride aloof,
 With thankful heart, no longer wilt thou mourn
 The scenes thou'st left and which can ne'er return,
 But softened, mellow'd by the hand of Time,
 While rosy prattlers on thy knees shall climb.
 The days of youthful hope and vigour o'er,
 Beneath the twining foliage round their door
 Thou'lt sit at ease, and, with experience sage
 Indulge the fond garrulity of age,
 And to thy children's children's wondering ears
 Relate the tales and scenes of other years.

Of England's matchless glory, while the page
 Of her high annals shall thy thoughts engage,
 Thou'lt speak with rapture; or some magic song
 Shall warm thy veins and make thee feel thou'rt
 young;

For—dear companions of thine exile—there
 Some few selectest spirits still shall share
 A garner'd nook within thy humble cot,
 Whose converse high oft cheers the lowliest lot,
 Monarchs of mind, who from their spirit's spheres
 Can move the heart to rapture or to tears.

Nor yet one Book of priceless worth thou'lt scorn,
 But lessons high of heavenly wisdom learn,
 Thy mother's parting gift, and thou shalt feel
 Her sainted spirit hovering near thee steal;
 And beckoning to thy home beyond the skies

Shall o'er thee breathe the airs of Paradise.
Then with a smile serene, as o'er thee fell
A ray of heavenly radiance, thou shalt tell
Of that blest land thy pilgrim steps are nigh,
Where life's brief toils shall end with its last sigh.
Thus, 'midst the tears of pious offspring round,
Thy happy days, thine end with glory crown'd.

LINES ACCOMPANYING A PHOTOGRAPH

(FROM A MOTHER TO HER SONS IN AUSTRALIA).

BLEST be the art that can reveal the soul
 And "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."
 "Heaven first gave letters," thus the poet sang,
 To ease the heartache and fond lover's pang.
 But greater wonders yet our age displays
 Beyond e'en poet's dream or fancy's craze.
 The lightnings now our swift-wing'd thoughts convey,
 Outspeeding time, while distance melts away;
 And what the Sun's eye views throughout his round,
 Transfixed, the fleeting images are bound.
 Each scene we trace; each once lov'd form we view
 Which memory loves to linger on anew.
 Oh, happy art! that absence can beguile,
 And makes us think we see once more the smile
 That on our cradled infancy might beam,
 Or lighted up the face of love's young dream.
 This portrait, then, my children, meets your gaze,
 And tells indeed a tale I'd fain erase—
 Of Time's deep ravages to outward view,
 But know a mother's love is ever true.
 Though long, long years and oceans 'twixt us rolled,
 Though now no more these aged arms may fold
 Those manly forms which, once so closely prest,
 I fondly clasped unto my faithful breast;
 And though that cherished hope may not be mine

To see, ere I this earthly load resign,
Once more my sons, believe a mother's love
Unfading and unfailing still you'll prove.
My prayers and blessing still your path pursue,
And till we meet again, in heaven, Adieu.

VICISSITUDE.

How varied are the scenes each day brings forth !
 The brightest morn is oft by clouds o'ercast ;
 And in Life's morning all that we deem'd fair
 Has wither'd quite away, and Spring's fair flow'r
 And hopeful promise blasted in the bud.
 Sometimes, again, when Nature veils her face,
 Mutt'ring stern thunders, and puts on her robes
 Of darkness and of black obscurity,
 E'en then she throws away her horrid mask,
 And smiles benignly over hill and dale ;
 While gladsome birds pour forth their grateful song
 And list'ning echo joins their melody.
 Sometimes we totter on the very brink
 Of black Despair, and Fortune seems to frown
 And Friendship seems to shun the aching heart,
 And all the shafts of woe and trouble keen
 Pierce to the inmost soul and make us wish
 The flood of life had never stirred our veins,
 Our eyes had ne'er beheld the light of day ;
 But then our Guardian Angel hovered round,
 And soothed our mind with consolation's balm,
 Once more the fickle wheel of Fortune turned ;
 Hope kindled in the eye and smooth'd the brow
 That erst was knit in hopeless dull despair
 Since all things here are subject to such change,
 Why pleas'd, why griev'd about we know not what ?
 Oh, why give loose to an immoderate joy
 If Fortune court ? or if perchance she frown,
 Why swell the mind with peevishness and rage ?

Pitfalls for Pride are laid; Presumption's caught
E'en by the stretch'd-out neck in secret nets:
And in the act to catch the fruits of toil
Ofttimes ourselves are caught, and so we find
There's nothing sure on earth—but death to all.

A REVERIE.

(NEAR THE RUINS OF AN OLD ABBEY.)

OH, what a holy calm! The spirit takes
 A glimpse of heaven while gazing on this scene,
 And all the soul of the observer wakes,
 And not one thought of earth doth intervene
 To chill the sacred feeling of the breast
 Lulled into dreams of pure and holy rest.

Here may the mind forget its earthly care,
 Its blighted hopes. Here may the poet gaze
 Upon these ivied walls, by Time made bare,
 And call back visions of departed days,
 When Superstition cast her spells around,
 And many a heart in her dark fetters bound.

And here, oh! here, the wearied heart may find
 One spot of calm, where Fancy's wing may rest;
 Here, 'mid life's busy scene may view enshrined
 All that the soul of peace has e'er confessed,
 As o'er the murmurs of the idle throng
 Hush'd silence steals, with noiseless steps, along.

'Tis not in solitude we are alone;
 Life's crowd too hath its liveness. Here the ties
 Of unseen influence may the spirit own
 That draw it nearer to its native skies.
 Earth's chains fall off, the world's cold links are
 riven,
 And the rapt spirit soars awhile to Heaven.

ELEGY ON THE DECEASE OF THE REV.
RICHARD CLAYTON.

OH, scenes to memory dear, where oft have walked
The Godlike footsteps of a Christian friend,
And doubly hallow'd, where inspir'd, he talked,
And kindled hopes of life that ne'er shall end.

Oh, blessed hopes, but realised too soon,
Too soon for us, but not too soon for him;
Snatched from an evil world, while yet high noon
His sun had scarcely passed, the light grew dim:

Yet set in glory—calmly, mildly bright,
As with no fitful glare his course had been,
And Faith beyond this darkness tracks his flight
O'er the horizon of this present scene.

Yes, thou art gone, where Sun nor Moon nor Star
Are needed more to guide us on our way,
Their borrow'd lustre, though resplendent far,
Hid in the light of Heaven's eternal day.

Eternal life and light and glory thine!
We who erewhile thy generous thoughts did share,
Oh, are those bonds for ever snapped in twain—
We, thy lov'd flock, for whom thy latest care,

ELEGY ON REV. RICHARD CLAYTON. 31

For whom thy dying lips preferred the prayer
As He whose footsteps thou didst follow, rose,
In blessing, upwards, through the yielding air
While gazing upwards they beheld it close ?

So thou art gone, O Clayton ! nor to borrow
The sable hues of grief needs art appear ;
The widow's tears and orphan's wail of sorrow,
Here with the Muse attest our grief sincere.

Oh, long an aching void our hearts shall know ;
There cherish'd be thy memory, though forgot
By this great world whose current on shall flow,
A moment stirr'd,—'tis o'er, as thou wert not.

Yet not a meteor, nor an arrow flown
Which leaves no track, no impress of its course ;
Man's life is pregnant of results unknown,
Eternal, as its great mysterious source.

And though no more that voice we lov'd to hear
Shall speak on earth, yet speaks it from the skies,
To warn, encourage, bless, and soothe and cheer,
And bid our hopes to brighter prospects rise.

A DIRGE.

THOU art gone to the land of the nightless day,
To the clime of the winterless year,
Where the flower ne'er fades on its evergreen spray,
And the smile never turns to a tear:

Where the furrows that anguish had ploughed in thy
heart
Shall be sown with the bright seeds of bliss:
Oh, the glimpse that we catch of the world where
thou art
Dries the tear for thine absence in this.

A PRAYER.

LORD, here we stand at Mercy's door,
 As humble suppliants faint and poor:
 No argument have we to plead,
 But just Thy mercy and our need.

Lord, open to us ere we die;
 Oh, let Thy present help be nigh,
 And o'er our souls Thy goodness cast
 According to Thy mercies past.

How can we feed on husks again?
 Tho' poor, shall we thus poor remain?
 Art Thou not rich? hast Thou not said—
 "I'll satisfy the poor with bread"?

True, though unworthy to receive
 The least of all Thy grace can give,
 Yet faith finds here an argument
 Which unto Thee she should present.

"The crumbs that from the table fall
 The dogs may eat." Yea, Lord, and small
 As our pretensions are to share
 Thy children's food—we are Thy care.

A PRAYER.

Hast Thou not bid the sinner come?
Hast Thou not said, "There still is room:
Oppressed with sin and worn with grief,
Come and obtain from Me relief"?

At Thy command we wait Thy grace,
Sure not in vain we'll seek Thy face:
Thy love shall yet inspire our song,
For mercy doth to Thee belong.

A CONSOLATORY REFLECTION.

WHAT though He seem His glorious face to veil—
 Yet think not that His promises can fail.
 Mountains and hills, yea, earth itself may move—
 Unchanging yet His power, unchangeable His love.
 Hope, humbly trust, nor in impatience pine,
 But bow the head and say “Thy will be mine.”
 I cast my care on Him, He cares for me,
 And though I’m small there’s naught so small can be
 That if He made it, He can e’er despise
 His own creation: He whose equal eyes
 Mark e’en the sparrow’s fall; and how much less
 Can He despise the form Christ came to bless?

SONNETS.

(TO THE ARTIST WHO PAINTED A MINIATURE OF THE
AUTHOR'S CHILD AFTER DEATH.)

I.

To catch, ere yet Decay had robb'd that shrine
Of Innocence and Beauty, once called mine,
And fix each fleeting grace, Death spared his prey,—
Thanks to thee, Artist, and thine Art Divine.—
Yes, there all beautiful in death she lay,
Companion'd by the rosebuds o'er her shed,
Snatched e'en as she from parent stem away,
But fragrant yet, and yet unwitherèd.
But, gentle Artist, not thy magic skill,
Which can so well each lineament portray,
Could give that beauty's ever-varying play
Of sweet expression,—from the morning's grey
Its roseate blush, to sunny dazzling day.
Ah me,—but in my heart she liveth still.

II.

And oh, I strain mine ear in vain to hear
The merry tones of her free-hearted glee,
That sounded like a silver bell full clear,
Where no base metal nor alloy could be;
For none can feign a babe's simplicity,
Though envy it we may, and oft it won
With all her little tricks and willing ways
My heart from cankering care and malison.
But now in vain I listen or I gaze—
For like a flush o'er summer sky—'Tis gone.
But not too early, Heaven hath claimed its own.
Oh, safe, for ever safe, from every snare
Thou standest now before thy Saviour's throne,
And Faith, with tear-dimm'd eye, points to our union
there.

AN ODE.

VENGEANCE stood threat'ning—Love delay'd ;
 Justice and Truth their scales displayed,
 But Power with Mercy's tears unite,
 Mercy with Wisdom's wondrous light,
 Now turns the scale—and Justice still
 No more demands nor ever will.
 Mercy with Justice, Truth with Love,
 Wisdom with Power harmonious move.

Amazement first
 Held mute—not long,
 Then rapture seized
 The listening throng.
 And they who erst
 At Creation's birth
 With the morning stars
 Pour'd forth
 A glorious flood
 Of melody,
 When God beheld
 All things were good,
 Now once again
 Their harps have ta'en,
 And poured along
 A nobler strain,
 A nobler strain
 They poured along,
 And this was the burden of their song:—
 “Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Peace on earth, good will to men.

Blessing, honour,
Glory, power
Unto God and to His Son,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.
By the hosts of Heaven ador'd ;
Let Thy holy will be done.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia ! Amen."

The sounding notes ascending high
Trembling approach th' Eternal ears—
His smile renews their ecstasy
And moves the distant spheres.
Again, again,
The cup of heavenly bliss ran o'er
Unable to contain,
And louder yet inspires their sweeter strain,
Whose notes afar
Beyond the farthest star
Pierced to the depths of Hell profound;
And there
Such power hath heavenly music crown'd,
Hell heard, and smiled,
One moment of his pain beguil'd
And deep despair:
Then round about his sullen shore
Grew tenfold blackness, blacker than before.
Then how should Gratitude inspire
Within our breasts her sacred fire;
And love, a cheerful sacrifice,
Requite His love who for us dies?
But, Mercy's tears may flow in vain,
Vengeance may lift his sword again,
And injur'd Justice still may plead
If injur'd Mercy by us bleed.

STANZAS

ON LOOKING UPON THE OCEAN.

THERE'S a spell on my soul, and I take up my harp
 In vain to find echo to feelings so strange;
 Wild fancies rush o'er, as the waves on the shore,
 And o'er every chord I still dubiously range.

Oh, ye free!—in your wild sport my spirit is bounding
 Disenthral'd and untam'd, free and fearless again,
 Such as erst I have been ere life's morning surrounding
 Dark shadows had flitted, or felt the world's chain.

Oh, ye dreams of my childhood, for aye passed away!
 But a brighter reality rises to view—
 A garland whose fragrance can never decay,
 And a wreath that shall bloom as the bowers where
 it grew.

Nor wonder, nor blame me, if yet I must pour
 These few fervid notes, tho' the world may not hear;
 The notes I have learn'd from the wild ocean's roar,
 Which in childhood I lov'd, and which still I hold
 dear.

There's a sympathy flows in my soul at its sound,
 It recalls to my memory the days that are gone,
 And the friends of my childhood, now no longer found,
 And I love there to weep, like an exile,—alone.

And to gaze o'er that Ocean as if here confined,
My home some sweet Isle of the Ocean might be;
Oh, I've gazed till mine eyes with my tears were made
blind,
And I long'd for the time that I thither might flee.

TO A BRIDEGROOM.

'Tis fit that friendship's hand should twine
 A garland fresh and gay
 Of flowers that bloom where haunt the Nine
 By the perennial stream divine
 Of Helicon—though haply they
 Be fading flowers—such as I may,
 I pluck to deck the altar now,
 Where true love consecrates the vow
 On this thy crowning day.

I see beside that altar stand
 A virgin train, a happy band,
 And blooming by thy side,
 Her whom with tender hopes and fears
 And joy—but half suffus'd with tears—
 Thou now hast claim'd thy bride.

Like some fair flower disclosed to view,
 Wet with the early morning dew,
 Yet bright'ning 'neath the ray
 Of sweet affection's gentle smile,
 That from its fragrant lip the while
 Kisseth those tears away.

Yes, she is thine, that flow'ret fair,
 Thy happy bower to grace
 In all the loveliness of youth
 And generous faith and constant truth

An ardent love sincere ;
Thine to protect and love and place
Within thy bosom's inmost shrine,
For she is thine and only thine.

Oh, early planted on the Hill
Of Zion here below,
With holy beauty may she still
Within God's garden grow ;
And flourish aye with charms that ne'er
The change of seasons can impair,
Till seasons end and love shall rise
To perfect bliss above the skies.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

SHE is thine—the word is spoken,
 Hand to hand and heart to heart ;
 Tho' all other ties be broken
 Time these bonds must never part.

Thou hast taken her in gladness
 From the Altar's holy shrine ;
 Oh, remember in her sadness
 She is thine and only thine.

In so fair a temple never
 Aught of ill can hope to come :
 Good will strive and striving ever
 Make so pure a shrine its home.

Each the other's love possessing,
 Care shall never cloud thy brow ;
 She will be to thee a blessing,
 And a shield to her be thou.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

Oh, what were life without the smile
Which beams from woman's eye,
That sheds a ray of sunshine while
E'en storms sweep o'er the sky?

The babe upon his mother's knee,
That smile soon understands,
And 'neath its quick'ning influence see
The infant mind expands.

So, by the sun's enliv'ning ray
Awakes the budding rose,
And leaf by leaf, and day by day,
Its latent charms disclose.

Nor manhood less that smile can charm
And bend his stubborn will,
Can passion's wildest rage disarm
And move to good or ill.

Oh for that smile the young heart beats,
With gen'rous hope sustained,
And lays those trophies at her feet
The hand of valour gained.

The star that gilds our natal hour
With mild benignant sway,
O'er every stage exerts its power,
The pole-star of our way.

'Tis this that nerves the patriot's arm,
And cheers his gallant heart,
His free-born rights to shield from harm,
And act a hero's part.

For sweeter than the noisy voice
Of Fame is his reward,
Who in that love that fixed his choice
Wins virtue's true regard.

For what is Fame?—an empty dream,
A false and flick'ring blaze,
A fruitless and a wintry beam
That o'er the surface plays.

But Love's sweet smile awakes the flowers
And fruits of noblest worth,
And melts the ice-bound streams and pours
Refreshing waters forth.

Then let me bask beneath that smile,
And on thy faithful breast
Forget the world, its griefs and guile,
And lay my cares at rest.

TO MARGUERITE.

THERE is a secret sympathy of souls—

Love at first sight—a doctrine I disdained,
Yet as the iron to the magnet rolls

By influence no less real though unexplained,
So now with chains once scorned, alas, I've found
Man's spirit proud may be subdued and bound.

Such potent spells I felt when first we met,
And tho' no whispered word or look betrayed
My bosom's thought—oh ! never Patience yet,
With expectation's wing too long delayed,
More fondly waited for the happy day,
When once again, I, by thy side, might stray.

Autumn decayed, and dreary Winter passed,
And Spring put forth her flowers—and hope
renewed
Her blossoms bright and fair—then—oh, one blast
Of disappointment came, and ruthless strewed
The garden of my soul, and all the pride
Its culture gave me, now neglected died.

When that I heard, within thy secret bower
Thy soul did languish and thy health decline,
Then first I knew how dear to me that flower,
How close the mystery of its life with mine;
As if beneath one star our lots were cast—
The cup that thou didst taste to me was pass'd.

Now health again restores thy wonted bloom,
And cools thy spirit's fever with the breath
Of fresh'ning zephyrs, breathing the perfume
Of rural odours, while I pine to death
Beneath the feverish city's ceaseless hum,
And weary, look for refuge to the tomb.

Stern duty, thy behests must be obey'd,
Nor would I dare to murmur or repine,
Though that affection ne'er must be repaid,
Though I may never dare to claim as mine
That Spring sealed up—that sacred fount revealing
Of Love, clear, welling forth, its waters healing.

Yet must our hopes here perish, and affection
Pure, spiritual, holy, as a flame
Burning up grosser matter—and perfection
(As the sun's central fire) its source and aim
Ever aspiring to—an appetite
For pure and endless, infinite delight—

Must this find ne'er an object? Man alone
Of Nature's work the great abortion prove?
To tantalise him but a prospect shown—
No. Nature's works are full of proofs of love
And wisdom—then there is some happier clime,
Where worth and beauty bloom, and love is not a
crime.

Yet I had hoped one faithful heart to find,
One dear companion in this vale of tears;
The dower and virgin beauty of the mind
I sought—all other mean to me appears—
Oh! Pearl beyond all price dear to my eyes,
Too fair to grace an earthly paradise.

Then turn, my heart above, where we shall meet,

And meet to part no more, in endless bliss.

Thou shalt not know my love, till thee I greet

Beyond this world of woe, with sacred kiss

Of angel's welcome,—first amid the band

To guide and guard thee to that better land.

HUMAN LIFE.

'Tis not designed that man should find below
A perfect state of bliss, or state of woe:
'Neath ever-changing skies his lot is placed,
Now bright with sunshine, now with storms defaced,
And man himself, more changeable than they,
Alternate wishes and affections sway.
Inconstant still by waves of passion toss't,
Oft he laments the labour he hath lost;
Toiling for future ease, it comes at last
Ungrateful with the memory of the past,
When pleasures pall, and when no life remains,
But just what serves to make him feel his pains.
E'en when successful, yet the promised joy—
The hand, too eager, grasps but to destroy;
Still fugitive the bliss that earth inspires,
As o'er the barren heath the marsh-born fires
That sudden rise and dazzle to delude
The happy wight by whom they are pursued.

SUSPICION.

His finger on his lips imposing silence—
 With stealthy, tip-toe, cautious pace he creeps,
 Peeps in each cupboard or implants his ear
 'Gainst trait'rous keyhole and the crannied wall,
 And bites his lips lest a gruff oath escapes
 At th' old creaking staircase.
 The moon's rays glancing through the casement full
 Reveal his pallid countenance of fear
 More like some ghastly spectre than aught human.
 May his heart shiver as the winds sweep by.
 No! I repress the wish; let pity swell
 The rising tear—no greater hell exists
 Than lives in that man's breast.

A LOVER'S PETITION.

'Tis vain, 'tis vain for me to try
 From thee, oh, cruel fair, to fly—
 In vain I seek the thickest shade,
 For solitude for love was made.

Mingling in scenes of toil and care,
 Thy sad remembrance haunts me there,
 With soul distracted, till I meet
 Thy shade where'er I turn my feet.

I see thee in the mirror'd wall
 Glide past me, tho' unseen by all
 Who round me move in joyous glee,
 Breathing the air of harmony.

What though in pleasure's giddy round
 A moment's respite I have found;
 Alas, thine image haunts me still,
 Go where I may, do what I will.

I drain the sparkling bowl in vain,
 And seek to drown my sense of pain;
 When every other feeling's gone—
 One thought remains—of thee alone.

The secret which with wakeful care,
 Sacred within myself I bear,
 Finds vent in my disturb'd repose;
 Thy name my murmuring sighs disclose.

Thy shade e'en in my midnight dreams
My constant guardian angel seems:
Pleasing illusion, with me stay.
Why vanish at th' approach of day?

Or, if the sun must rise upon
My pleasing fancies all o'erthrown,
Oh, why one pleasing prospect given
To mock our hopes, from Eden driven?

In short, 'tis folly to forbear,
But hopeless still to persevere.
Like the poor stag that feels the smart,
Yet cannot shun the fatal dart.

In vain he scours the hill, the plain,
Now seeks his once lov'd haunts again,
Now furious plunges in the tide
Impurpled by his bleeding side;

Now biting,—gasping—vainly rears,
Vainly the barbed weapon tears;
His efforts aid his agonies,
Till faint, he looks to heaven and dies.

Oh, thus I bear, where'er I go,
A venom'd shaft from Cupid's bow;
And every effort for relief
Deepens the wound of mortal grief.

Ah, cruel, cruel, cruel Fair,
Thou pitiest not my soul's despair;
Dost thou not know what pangs I feel?
Or is thy heart encased in steel?

A woman's heart, I ever thought,
With gentle tenderness was fraught;
Be like thy sex, let pity move,—
And bless me with an equal love—

An equal love—but ne'er be thine
To feel the woe wherewith I pine;
Oh, let love's eloquence then find
Some echo sweet within thy mind.

TO M——

Love hath inspir'd the tender strain
 Where never verse had flowed before,
 And bade the enraptured Muse attain
 A height she ne'er had hoped to soar.

Thus didst thou fondly urge the claim
 My soul's devotion to thee owed,,
 To consecrate in verse the flame
 That sacred in my bosom glowed.

Ah, would were mine that sweetest skill
 To make for thee the charming lyre,
 No sweeter praise than thine should fill
 The songs of the Pierian choir.

Yet oft they say the poets feign,
 And please themselves with fancies free ;
 Though smoothly flows the flatt'ring strain,
 Sincere it may not always be.

They ransack nature of her charms,
 And with the fairest flowers compare
 The object that their bosom warms,
 As all that's perfect, all that's fair.

But mine an honest untaught Muse,
 Unused to terms of flattery's art,
 Though rude the strain, thou'lt not refuse
 That flows spontaneous from the heart.

Nor blame my silence for neglect
If passion be so easily feigned,
For silence is the soul's respect,
By modest diffidence restrained.

Could language paint the blushing rose,
And words its fragrance rich express,
Then should my happy Muse disclose
Thy charms, and love's delights confess.

Love hath a language of its own,
Which words but feebly may translate,
And understood of them alone
Whose hearts have gained love's true estate.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

I MET thee, but thine altered smile,
 Oh, how can I forget?
 Thou didst not welcome me as when
 We last together met.

Thou coldly bad'st me welcome while
 Still colder glanced thine eye,
 Thou spak'st, but, oh, those accents fell
 No more with melody.

Could I forget that happy day
 We wandered by the sea,
 When hand in hand together clasp'd
 Thou sweetly smiled on me?

Our lips they met—with that fond kiss—
 Our first and only one,
 Thou breathed in sweet Elysian tones
 Thou would'st be mine alone.

But now 'tis passed—a pleasing dream,
 Such as when mourners sleep
 And meet again in warm embrace
 The friends for whom they weep.

I saw thee to the altar led,
 A gay and happy bride,
 While he for whom thou scornedst me
 Stood smiling by thy side.

I heard the awful words pronounced,
I saw thee to him given,
Yet prayed that on thy head might rest
The choicest gifts of heaven.

I could not wish one woe on earth
To rest upon thee here ;
For though to me forever lost
I still must hold thee dear.

The echoing footsteps died away ;
Alone in that still aisle
I stood and gazed upon the place
Where I had seen thee smile.

I could have wept—but, oh, the tear
Could flow not for such grief ;
A mad'ning anguish filled my breast
Too deep for such relief.

I sank in frenzy to the earth,
So fearful did it seem ;
But anguish burst the bonds of sleep ;
Oh, Heaven !—'twas but a dream.

SUNG IN ARCADY.

I JOYFUL view the village scene
And happy sports upon the green—
Joyful when the Minster bell
Strikes the hour of labour's knell.

Blest with sweet content the swains,
Free from care and envy's pains,
Mirthful play:—night's shadows close
Then they seek their soft repose.

Oh, how sweet is life thus spent
In the vale of calm content.
Oh, if ye your fortunes knew,
Kings themselves have envied you.

CUPID.

(SONG.)

D'YE like to hear of Cupid?
 I'll tell you all about him.
 D'ye like to hear of Cupid?
 I'll tell you all about him.
 Ye ladies dear, then give good ear,
 I'll tell you all about him.

He rides upon a dragon-fly, he rides upon a bee,
 And that's the reason Marion's lip thrills with the kiss
 when he
 With honey'd sweets the stinging smart hath covered
 plenteously.

D'ye like to hear of Cupid?
 I'll tell you all about him, etc.

He pranks among the violets, the lilies and the flowers,
 And well he loves the eventide and shady woodbine
 bowers;
 And well I ween he loves the sheen of his mother's
 moonlit hours.

D'ye like to hear of Cupid?
 I'll tell you all about him, etc.

But where the little wanton dwells and whence his
arrows fly
And what's his bow no story tells—but only peace:
good-bye,
If once the bosom feels the shaft from Marion's
glancing eye.

D'ye like to hear of Cupid?
I'll say no more about him.
D'ye like to hear of Cupid?
I'll say no more about him;
But ladies fair, oh, have a care
And do not—do not flout him.

THE BIRTH AND MARRIAGE OF THE ROSE.

THE earth with her beautiful fancies was teeming,
 And lay as entranced in her midsummer dream;
 And sweet was her breath, as the first morn in Eden,
 When she basked in the rays of the young solar
 beam.

And her tears, shed o'er night, now to gladness
 transforming,
 Besprinkled with gems every leaflet and flower;
 As a bride to her 'spousal her tresses adorning,
 Or the sweet holy dew that meek Pity doth
 shower.

Remote from all objects of care and distraction,
 Unrepressed, undisturbed by a sight or a sound
 That reminded of men with their turmoil and faction,
 My spirit reposed in the calmness around.

And save the glad hum of the early bee straying,
 To rifle, sweet plunderer, the nectar-stored morn,
 Or tiny wing fluttering, or blithesome note uttering,
 To welcome with songs the glad daylight's return;—

Naught hindered the spell that boon Nature was
weaving,
All silently working her wonders profound;
But her mystical music my charmed ear receiving,
Methought a low voice issued forth from the
ground.

'Twas a sweet little rose-tree, whose spirit awaking
From the long trance of winter, now heaved a soft
sigh,
And with gentle emotion her fair leaves were shaking
As a zephyr's light wing had brushed carelessly by.

SONG OF THE ROSE SPIRIT.

Oh, happy, happy children
Of Flora's rich domain,
You, for the care that tends you,
Love and are loved again.

But my spirit inly sigheth,
Yet why should I complain?
The soul of sweetness dieth
If prisoned it remain.

But from the pure source of all life there descended
A bright beam that gently dried up her sweet tears,
And amidst the gay tribe she her modest head bended
In fragrance and beauty beyond all her peers.

The birds sang hymeneals, and brightened the
morning;
Within the fair gardens waved gladly each flower,
And a delicate blush the sweet rose-bud adorning,
She trustfully yielded her charms in that hour.

'Twas a dream. Ah, what better are life's duller
schemings

Without higher aims—ye who value as naught,
In the bustle of business, the Poet's deep dreamings?

Love—the rose—is fair Nature's most exquisite
thought.

A FAMILY HARMONY.

OH, sweet as vernal dews that fill
 The closing buds on Zion's hill,
 When evening clouds draw thither,
 So sweet, so heavenly 'tis to see
 The members of one family
 Live peacefully together.

The children like our lily flowers
 On which descend the sun and showers,
 Their lives of beauty blending ;
 The parents like the willow boughs
 On which the lovely foliage grows,
 Their friendly shade extending.

But leaves the greenest will decay,
 And flowers the brightest fade away,
 When Autumn winds are sweeping ;
 And be the household e'er so fair,
 The hand of death will soon be there
 And turn the joy to weeping.

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees
 And lilies wave beneath the breeze
 When Spring comes smiling hither ;
 And friends who parted at the tomb
 May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
 And meet in Heaven together.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

WHAT is that for which we toil?
 Grandeur? wisdom? wealth? or joy?
 These on earth do but beguile,
 These in heaven have no alloy.

Grandeur—if it rise from earth,
 Like things earthly must decay :
 Wealth—deceives us in our mirth,
 Spreads its wings and flies away.

Happiness—'tis not below,
 Sad experience oft declares ;
 Hopes may seem to bud and blow,
 Blighted soon, no fruit appears.

Wisdom—oft mistakes the light
 Of the meteor passion's sway
 For the lamp of reason bright ;
 All uncertain is its way.

But in heaven we're offered all
 Man's ambition can desire ;
 Grandeur there needs fear no fall ;
 Envy dares not there aspire.

There is wealth no rust can rot,
And no violence can seize :
There are joys that perish not ;
Pleasures there that ever please :

There no clouds shall intervene
To obscure our mental sight ;
We shall see as we are seen ;
Pure the ray of reason's light.

THE CONSTANT FRIEND.

AND now, my friends, I leave you. May the joy
Of this one comfort never know decay,
That you've a Friend in heaven—a hope and stay
Who'll never leave you ; but may this your joy
Nor want, nor woe, nor death itself destroy.
Friendships on earth are frail, and friends must part ;
They cannot and they would not if they could
Accompany you before the bar of God :
With the mute anguish of a breaking heart
They press the hand—and tears begin to flow—
Nought else can human sympathy bestow.
But, oh, there is a Friend who can impart
The soul's best cordial, in an hour like this ;
He can extract the poison from the dart
Of Death—and open up the gates of bliss :
He the same path of gloomy shades hath trod,
And He will plead our cause before the throne of God.

EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL SONG.

(THE LAST POEM PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

FAREWELL, our native country,
 Beloved land, adieu ;
 With many a ling'ring longing look
 We turn away from you.

Yet to our Queen still loyal,
 And to that flag so brave,
 Which floats triumphant o'er the seas,
 To conquer and to save.

Should England's foes molest her,
 Her stalwart sons and true,
 Through every land, at once would band
 To make her foemen rue.

Mother of mighty nations,
 Protector of th' opprest,
 Where'er that flag triumphant floats,
 Men feel that they are blest.

Then high uplift the banner
 That floats o'er all the seas,
 "The flag that's braved a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze."

Farewell to dear old England,
Land of the brave and free,
Land of our Sires—our own lov'd home,
Our hearts are still with thee.

LINES

FOUND IN THE POCKET-BOOK OF THE LATE
WM. GRAHAM SIMPSON.

YES, thou art gone, and I am left;
But, ah! how dark, how changed to me
This world, of every charm bereft,
Where all was beautiful with thee.

Tho' I have seen thy form depart
For ever from my widow'd eye,
I hide thee in my inmost heart,
There—there at least thou canst not die.

God's justice let me humbly own!
That mercy He so freely lent,
He but resumes the precious loan;
Let dust and ashes be content.



POEMS AND LYRICS

BY

MRS. WM. GRAHAM SIMPSON.

LINES.

WRITTEN AFTER FINDING SOME VERSES IN THE POCKET-
BOOK OF THE LATE WM. GRAHAM SIMPSON.

WE gaze on the form of our lov'd, of our dead,
While laid 'neath the flowers which o'er it we spread,
And trembling we feel that the swift coming day
Will tear it from us, and for ever away.
In spirit we follow the bier to the tomb;
There ling'ring the living feel Eden's dread doom;
Oh! where is the power that there may control
The billows of anguish that break o'er the soul?
The world with its pomps can no comfort impart
To those who are bearing the desolate heart.
When sorrow first looks on the newly laid sod
She learns that her comfort must come from her
God:
Through the channels of thought He sendeth our
grief,
Through the channels of thought He giveth relief;
We think of the Angels that entered the tomb,
We think of the glory that banished its gloom;
We think till we feel that those Angels are near;
The words which they spake to the Marys we hear—
"Why seek ye the living and seek 'mid the dead?"
"With Christ to be present your lov'd one has fled."
That smiling they beckon while taking their flight,

And thought follows on through the regions of
light.

What visions of glory around us then rise ;
Our lost ones we find 'mid the choirs of the skies.
Their song is triumphant, " Man knoweth no death :
To life he is born when he yieldeth his breath."

THE DELUGE.

THERE'S HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

OH for that trumpet voice!—

That voice ordained to wake the dead.

Oh for that trumpet voice!

This truth o'er all the earth to spread—

That ere the Lord of endless life

To mansions fair had ris'n,

He went and preached unto the *lost*,

The spirits bound in prison!

Those spirits who on earth had watched

The Ark's majestic rise;

Had seen the Deluge direful clouds

All marshalled in the skies;

Had seen those clouds in fury burst

Upon their sinful world,

While rocks rent by the lightning's force

Before their eyes were hurled:

Had heard the deepest thunder peals

'Mid wind's terrific sweep,

And dying heard the ocean's roar

When break the awful deep!

We know not what their sin's degree,

But this at least we know—

That great indeed it must have been

A world to overthrow.

Two thousand years had passed away

Since they had met their doom,

Two thousand years—oh, fearful thought—
They'd borne their prison gloom,
When, lo! amid the courts of hell
A joyous sound they hear,
The first since they the earth had left
That ever met their ear.
In dumb amaze the spirits stand,
While herald angels sing,
“Glad tidings of great joy to you—
To even you, we bring.
He comes! He comes! the Prince of Peace
Your weeping eyes shall see.
He comes with healing on His wings.
He comes to set you free!
Repent, repent; though dark your sins
His mercy will forgive:—
'For as in Adam all men die,
So all in Christ shall live!'"

What! ere the Lord of endless life
To mansions fair had ris'n,
He went and preached unto the lost?
The spirits bound in pris'n?
What mean these words? Beyond the grave,
Can spirits be forgiv'n?
What mean these words? what mean they but
The lost may find a heav'n!
He went not there their woes to mock;
He went their souls to save,
Then trumpet forth the blessed truth,
There's hope beyond the grave!

A SONG OF WINTER.

WHEN THE PRICE OF COALS WAS RAISED.

WIND, frost, and snow!
 And never a spark in the grate!—
 E'en this I calmly could bear
 If to bear it alone were my fate.
 Ye piercing, ye killing bleak winds,
 Go moan at the coalowner's door,—
 Though 'tis your fierce nature to slay,
 Ye cannot but moan for the poor.

Wind, frost, and snow!
 With nought for my darlings to eat,
 With rags to keep off the cold
 And cover their frost-bitten feet.
 Ye piercing, ye killing bleak winds,
 Go moan at the coalowner's door,—
 Whoever your sad voice may hear,
 Ye're pleading aloud for the poor.

Wind, frost, and snow!
 Scarce straw for my dying one's bed.
 Ah, ye rich forgive me the wish,
 But I would I could rest with the dead!
 Ye piercing, ye killing bleak winds,
 Go howl at the coalowner's door,—
 He may pray to his God if he dares
 While murdering by thousands the poor.

Fair, frost, and snow!

Ye mind me of days that are past;
When—the joy of a love-lighted home—
I ne'er dreamed they were not to last.
Ye piercing, ye killing bleak winds,
Go howl at the coalowner's door,—
While he's counting so blithely his gold
Ye'll sing him a dirge for the poor.

Wind, frost, and snow!

What is it ye hint as ye roam?—
The coalowner's child like my own
May die in a fireless home?
Go warn the coalowners, ye winds,
With your loudest, your terrible roar,—
Fevers born in our fireless homes,
Whet their darts, for the rich, on the poor.

Peace, peace, my soul,

Though heavy the chast'ning rod,
It is but in love for His child
Afflictions can come from our God.
Ye piercing, ye killing bleak winds,
Go plead at each wealthy man's door,—
On their panes with your pencils of frost
Write, "God's gifts to the rich are the poor."

Ye piercing, ye killing bleak winds,

Go plead at each wealthy man's door,—
On their panes with your pencils of frost
Write, "Think of the perishing poor!"

A PLEA FOR THE SOLDIER.

OH! give him a home with the brave and the free,
 Thy glory, fair England, he purchased for thee;
 Degrade not our hero, e'en worse than the slave,
 With the home of the pauper, or pauper's sad grave.

'Tis little he asks at the hand of the State
 But save him, oh, save from so wretched a fate!
 The glory for England that brave sire won—
 That glory to keep she may yet need the son.
 If his fare must be humble, his garments be mean,
 He should have them in honour,—he fought for his
 Queen.

Though lowly his cot, let him call it his own,
 'Twill bind his brave heart ever firm to the throne,
 For ne'er through our streets asking bread should he
 roam,

But feel as he ought, “there is no place like home;”
 The home of our soldier it surely should be
 With the honour'd, the happy, the brave, and the free.

LINES

WRITTEN ON DISCOVERING SOME FORGET-ME-NOTS
GROWING UPON THE GRAVES OF MY FATHER
AND MY CHILD.

My father, was't thy spirit-hand
That placed these flow'rets here?
To bid thy child remember
A parent ever dear?

Or was't thy hand my angel child
That cast these blossoms down?
To bid mamma remember
Her child that wears a crown?

My bright ones and my beautiful,
Your beams on earth are set,
But that ye still are near me
I never can forget.

Through long Decembers I have pass'd
Since last I saw my child;
And heavy gales have dash'd me
'Gainst rocks and billows wild.

But guiding stars shine bright and clear
To light me o'er the deep,
As angels fair they come to me,
My sinking soul to keep.

CONSIDER THE FLOWERS.

CHRIST bade us consider the flow'rs of the field—
 In each exquisite blossom a God is reveal'd.
 In the grand sky above us we read of His power,
 But His nature we trace in each beautiful flower.
 When this fair world we dwell in, its course first
 begun,
 To paint flowers His pencils He placed in the sun:
 Not the richest of velvet that monarchs may wear
 With the velvet of flowers will ever compare.
 E'en the tiniest daisy—that star of the sod—
 To design its sweet face hath required a God.
 So consider His flow'rs and a lesson you'll read
 In the marvellous care that He takes of each seed
 Of the myriad grass flowers that wave in the breeze,
 Like beautiful forests of miniature trees,
 Which appear but too frail for the zephyr's light
 stroke,
 Yet they dance in the blast that uprooteth the oak!
 See those seeds gently laid in a velvet-lined shell
 From the gale, others clasp'd in their silvery cell;
 Some are gifted with wings, oh, so light, bright, and
 fair,
 That they seem as they pass to be woven of air.
 Let us think of His flow'rs and a lesson we'll find
 Of His love and His pow'r and His wisdom combin'd.
 Who upholdeth the worlds, keeping each in its place?
 Who bestows on each flower its beauty and grace?

Minerva's great sons mighty theories advance,
With the wisdom of tadpoles they say it was
"chance."

Their wonderful heads the stern goddess should
crown.

Were it chance!—then to chance let creation bow
down!

NOT EVER LIES THE FALLEN TREE.

A TEMPEST crossed this isle of ours
 And rent from earth its trees and flowers.—
 A beauteous tree that long had spread
 Its branches o'er the waiting dead
 Was riven by that ruthless blast
 And near a sleeper's grave was cast.
 Each branch the woodman bore away
 Till scarcely aught but root there lay.—
 I watched it long, for oft I trod
 Where loved ones lay beneath the sod,
 And ever as that form I'd near
 These solemn words I seemed to hear,
 "As the tree falleth so it lies,"
 And troubled thoughts would then arise—
 Alas, the trees, the human trees
 That fall with every passing breeze !
 Speak ! speak, ye graves, say, can it be
 One soul is damned eternally ?
 Speak ! speak, ye graves, your voice will prove
 The God of Life is God of Love !—
 The tree lay dead the winter through,
 But sipped the Spring's reviving dew,
 And, ere returned the Summer's glow,—
 Though still it silent lay and low,—
 From what scarce aught but root had been

86 NOT EVER LIES THE FALLEN TREE.

Rose graceful branches, tender green.
'Tis quickened by the skies above !
'Tis quickened by the God of Love !
In praise it singeth, Lord, to Thee,
Not ever lies the fallen tree !

THE SONG OF THE CORNFIELDS.

How oft ye sweet cornfields I've list to your lay,
 But something now tells me I know what ye say :—
 " In valleys below, in hills rising above,
 We're singing of God, of His Bounty and Love.
 The joy of the poor—for we lighten their woe
 With blessings we carry wherever we go.
 We cross o'er the ocean, the desert, the wild—
 To find the lone mother and raise the sick child :
 Pale Famine, the Vampire, before us will fly,
 Its victims no longer will pray but to die :
 We beam through the eye, and we tint the pale
 cheek ;
 Raise gently the weary and strengthen the weak :
 We speak in the Senate to Commons and Lords,
 And bid them remember the dinnerless boards.
 Fresh vigour we give to the warrior's mien ;
 We toil with the peasant and rule with the Queen.
 Though rustling and singing when next we shall rise,
 We'll form part of beings who measure the skies,
 Who force the swift lightning to yield to their sway,
 And bear the fleet message to friends far away.
 To others we go—but we shiver to think
 They've hearts that are blacker than blackest of
 ink !
 Oh ! had we our wish we would hide 'neath the clod
 Ere enter the hearts of deniers of God.

88 THE SONG OF THE CORNFIELDS.

Our high waving heads we bow low when we find
That e'en to His haters—His haters, He's kind.
In cornfield and forest He speaketh to you, . . .
But, th' reapers are coming—we sing thee adieu ;
The reapers are coming—we wave thee adieu.”

THE COTTER'S CHILD.

'Tis nought, thy home's no stately hall,
 But humble is thy bower;
 It stands with Nature's beauteous things,
 With bird and tree and flower.

Though not one spot of this fair earth
 Should ever bear thy name,
 To glories of the vaulted skies
 All have an equal claim.

For all these glories ever shine,
 By all they may be seen:
 The sunbeams come with equal love
 To cotter and to queen.

For all is Nature's carpet spread,
 To all her breath is free;
 Each child of man may roam, at will,
 O'er mountain, plain, and sea.

For all sweet Spring puts on her bloom,
 Bright Summer brings her flowers,
 Rich Autumn's blessèd fruits come forth
 And Winter's snowy showers.

For all was made yon glorious scene
 Attending day's decline,
 A scene that never fails to speak
 The Artist's hand divine.

THE COTTER'S CHILD.

For all He gave those mountain clouds
That gorgeous crimson hue,
And dipp'd yon isles in liquid gold
That float in lakes of blue.

For all He gave those vapours fair
Of beauteous heavenly mould,
That seem like veils of silver gauze
Thrown o'er bright forms of gold.

.

How oft, sweet child, when I, like thee,
Have watched the parting day,
I've thought the road that led to heav'n
Was by each slanting ray—

That all those gliding fleecy clouds
Of heaven's purest white,
Were bands of guardian angels, who
Slow sailed on wings of light—

Perchance an answer to that prayer
We all so oft have said,
That "holy angels might be sent
To guard our infant bed."

A SISTER OF MERCY.

No gem can e'er adorn
 The head of maiden fair
 Like sorrows which she takes
 From the drooping form of care.

When with the gentle hand
 Of soothing kind relief
 She binds the bleeding wounds
 In the breast of pallid grief,

Then on her brow is placed,
 By beauteous unseen hands,
 The diadem of stars
 They have brought from brighter lands.

And ever on her path
 The flow'rs of peace are strewn,
 Which Angel hands have culled
 From around their Father's throne.

What though they be unseen
 By earthly vulgar eyes,
 Their beauty lasts through time,
 And shall last beyond the skies.

BRITAIN'S DESTINY.

OUR Island Home! the Briton's home!
 Where Britain rears her sons to roam
 With arm of might, and dauntless heart,
 In every clime to bear their part.
 This promise, Britain, was to thee,
 That countless should thy children be
 As stars that fill the boundless sky,
 As sands that round the ocean lie—¹
 Thy noble sons should rise to save
 From grasp of fiends the weeping slave;
 To break the bonds—the captive free;
 Britannia, this thy destiny!

Where'er on earth thy sons have been,
 The work of mercy there is seen:
 Through lands long parched the cool stream
 flows,
 And blooms the desert as the rose.²
 They bore to famished India bread—
 O'er famine's track a banquet spread;
 In future as in days gone by
 Before them shall fierce famine fly.
 They'll chase the monster from his lair
 Till plenty springeth everywhere,
 Till fruit and flow'r of earth's fair sod
 Their gratitude they sing to God.

In India they have sheathed the sword
That flashed at royal butcher's word ;
Forbidden funeral pyres to rise
For living human sacrifice ;
And hushed the infant sobs that long
A dirge had made of Ganges' song.
They gave to Egypt's fellaheen
The rights of man where wrong had been,
For poverty ne'er more to know
The bastinado's cruel blow ;
Nor till the tyrant's land unpaid,
While home the plough is idle laid.

O'er those who drove with burning chains
Indignant Justice firmly reigns.
Know this, ye princes of the earth,
Egypt's deliverer hath gone forth ;³
Her saviour great—the promised one,
The heaven decreed hath thither gone.
In Egypt she and there will stay
Till right o'er Egypt holdeth sway—
For nations clasped to Britain's power
Shall leave behind their darkest hour.
Too long her sons have borne the rod
Now shattered by the living God.

Soon bleeding Afric 'twill be thine,
To rest 'neath Britain's law divine ;
Thy tribal blood will cease to flow
When Britain's care thy tribes shall know,
And Superstition's martyr-cries
Shall cease to rend thy sunny skies.
Our Island Home—the Briton's home,

Where Britain rears her sons to roam,
To make the nations loyal, free,
From land to land, from sea to sea,
To make the nations blest and free,
This, Britain,—*this* thy destiny!

1896.

¹ Hosea i. 10; Deut. i. 10.

² Isaiah xxxv. 1.

³ Jer. xxxiii. 17.

A WISH.

TO AN ANGLO-ISRAELITE FRIEND.

THANKS for that wish sincere of thine,
 That soon again may health be mine.
 A wish to thee I fain would send,
 Of something good that might not end.
 What shall it be? a lovely wife?—
 She might but spoil thine honour'd life.
 Shall it be piles of mighty gold,
 So great as ne'er on earth were told?
 No, something whispers this to me—
 Such is not good enough for thee;
 And yet, methinks, I'm bound to say,
 Gold is not bad just in its way!
 Say, shall I wish thee sword and shield
 When freedom leads on battle-field?—
 For this our soldier's deathless fame,
 He fights not but in freedom's name!—
 This wish I'll send, it shall succeed—
 Thy pen may Israel's legions lead
 Till all shall grasp this truth we own
 From British cot to British throne.

January 1st, 1900.

THE TRUE BRITISH CHEER.

“HURRAH!” and “Hurrah!” loudly bursts on mine
ear—

That soul-stirring music, the true British cheer !
Like the ocean’s deep voice, when so grandly it rolls,
Is the voice that breaks forth from an ocean of souls.

“Hurrah!” and “Hurrah!” how its soul-stirring might
The lovers of Justice it nerves to the fight:
When far from their country too long they must roam,
Dreams bring the “Hurrah” that will welcome them
home.

It echoed through heaven, as it rose on the waves,
When Britain for ever had freed the dark slaves ;
Methinks then the blest ones paused smiling to hear
That glad song of Freedom, the true British cheer.

GLORIOUS BRITAIN.

(A REPLY TO MR. T. D. SULLIVAN'S LINES, "DIRTY
LITTLE ENGLAND.")

He speaks of "Little England"—

The land that leads the world,
Before whose glorious presence
Injustice shall be hurled;
Whose sons will fight for freedom
Till rent each captive chain,—
For freedom, sacred freedom,
Her hero sons are slain.

'Tis not of Great Britannia
To conquer and oppress;
She marches but to conquer,
And conquers but to bless.

He speaks of "Envious England"—

To envy none needs she,
Whose wealth springs from each mountain
And floats on every sea;
Whose banners now high waving
Around the world are seen,
Around the world are beating
The drums of England's Queen.

'Tis not of Great Britannia
To conquer and oppress;
She marches but to conquer,
And conquers but to bless.

Across the Russian Danube
She heard the dying cries—
The cries which through earth echoed
And pierced the midnight skies,
When Judah's fairest maidens
By Russian fiends lay dead,
When Judah's lovely infants
With murdered mothers bled.
'Tis not of Great Britannia
To conquer and oppress;
She marches but to conquer,
And conquers but to bless.

True, "England fears for India,"
Lest there should Russian work
Prove just as foul and hateful
As ever that of Turk.
She'll ever stand by India,
For it is Heaven's decree
That never power of Russia
Shall India's tyrant be.
'Tis not of Great Britannia
To conquer and oppress;
She marches but to conquer,
And conquers but to bless.

TO KRÜGER.

TIDINGS come, and they bring thy ambition's death
knell.

Where the lost tribes of Israel a nation now dwell,
Read the Great Book with care that is known as the
Word,

And a chart thou wilt find of lost Israel restored.

In the Isles of the West ever nursed by the sea,¹

There a nation hath risen—the Righteous, the Free.

Surely Krüger should know how the prophets of old

Of the rise of these Isles to their greatness foretold?

How from Jacob the waves would bring thither the root²

That should blossom and bud, and the world fill with
fruit—

Yea, the fruit of its branches as countless should be

As the stars of the skies, as the sands of the sea;

That before Israel's God would His people forsake,

Or the oath which He sware to their fathers would
break,

The sun in the heavens should forsake his own light,

Heaven's stars lose their lustre and sink into night.

Go! tell to thy burghers who'd Britons enslave,

Israel sends forth her Britons crushed Afric to save—

E'en to save from herself—from oppression by thee;

To be one with that nation—the Righteous, the Free!

And proclaim it through Boerdom, though great be her
fall,

She will find Britain's soldiers are brothers to all.

This command do they bear from the Great Throne
above—

Ever forward to march on their mission of love.

Ever forward they'll march till war's thunders shall
cease,

And the cannon's glad voice greet the legions of peace,
That the flag of fair Israel o'er earth they've unfurled,
Till the gleam of her glory encircles the world.

Israel holds and for ever the sacred decree :

A nation—a comp'ny of nations to be.³

How astounding the words of the God-gifted seer
Now those nations the daughters of Britain appear.

Appear, in their beauty—their glory and might,
Ever bearing their lamps o'er the regions of night,
Those lamps clear reflecting the radiance above,

From the Heaven beams of justice, of mercy and love.

At the scowl of her foes, see her legions rush forth,

From the east, from the west, from the south and the
north !

See in streams do they come, join the hosts by her side,
As the grand mountain torrents the ocean's deep tide.

They come from her nations those daughters afar,
God's battle-axe Israel, His weapon of war.⁴

And those heroes who left the lov'd land of their birth,
Proud the Britons to join hurling vice from the earth ;

Not for gold will they strike, nor will slaughter for fame,
But the tyrant to vanquish and Justice proclaim.

Every captive they'll free : every bond will they break ;
Yea, and e'en those fell fetters thy minions did make.

Did thy burghers give laws in the hour of their might,
The downtrod to raise to the wronged give their right ?
Did they rend Slavery's chains ? break her blood-drink-
ing rod ?—

This the work to be done by the Israel of God.

She must bear Freedom's torch lighting earth by its rays ;

Alas ! freedom with ye—dark indeed were its days ;
For the freedom ye lov'd and have murdered to win,
Was the freedom against truth and justice to sin—
Deeming not from the soul sin could ever proceed,
But that blackness of skin made the sin in the deed.
Where the rulers are righteous just subjects are found,
But with rulers unrighteous the vicious abound.
Think—could thine be the arm on which nations could
rest ?

No ! this power was ordained for Victoria the blest.
For Victoria the blest born of Israel's seed,
Maiden tutored by Heaven lost Israel to lead—
To lead to such glory as the world ne'er had seen,
This, the gift of her God to the lov'd righteous Queen.
And though now in earth-life her great mission is done,
Britain feels that her mantle will rest on her son.
Can that Queen mourned by nations with tear-streaming
eyes,

Cease her Israel to guard though enthroned in the skies?
Where Israel's flag waveth with it justice is seen,
And the soul glows with light, where but darkness had
been.

Where Israel's rod striketh forth the cool water flows,
And morning's first incense the breath of the rose.
As the dew from above—as the shower to the grass—
Are the blessings she sheds o'er the foes she must pass.
Raise thine eyes, "Bleeding Afric"; swift cometh thy rest,
Thy rest and for ever with the Israel the blest !

Great with her, weeping Boerdom, thy future will be :
It is then thou wilt know what it is to be free.
The true British freedom through her power is but
known :

Ever lov'd by her people, her rulers and throne.
Music floats on the breeze, "Hark thee, Krüger," Time '
sings—

“ Fair Israel, Britannia, Mighty Mother of Kings.
All hail, Great Britannia, Mighty Mother of Kings,
Lo ! in her righteous reign the war thunders shall cease
And the nations of earth join the Great Prince of Peace;
'Tis in her righteous reign the war thunders shall cease,
And nations for e'er join the Great Prince of Peace,
And nations for e'er join the Great Prince of Peace,
Join the Great Prince of Peace.”

1900-1.

¹ Deut. xxxiii. 23; xxxiv. 2-4.

² Isaiah xi. 1-12.

³ Gen. xxxv. 11.

⁴ Jer. li. 20.

HER DEEPEST GRIEF.

'Twas not the humble board—
 For that she'd never care;
 Nor yet the humble garb—
 For that did *Mary* wear.

'Twas not the haughty look—
 For that she could throw back!
 Or the many cruel stings
 Met daily in her track.

'Twas not to start each morn
 From burning fever'd sleep,
 With misery rushing o'er her soul
 Like billows o'er the deep.

No; 'twas that bloodhound grief
 That rives at the opprest,
 To find but callous hearts in those
 She e'er had loved the best.

A SPECIAL GIFT FROM DAME NATURE.

DAME NATURE ever kindly bent,
A bird to cheer the city sent:
'Tis not a bird of plumage gay,
Nor no mere bird of Summer day,
Reminding us of summer friends
Who vanish when our fortune ends.—
Yet why with such as these compare
The singing beauties of the air?—
This bird we hear in city's gloom,
And where rich nature's beauties bloom.
We hear it in the summer glow,
We meet it on the ice and snow;
From morn till noon, till eventide,
'Tis hopping, chirping by our side.
Then may its humble note be dear,
Our sparrow, chirping all the year.

“MATRONS STRUT IN FASHION’S SHAME.”

“A million birds were slaughtered in one month in Philadelphia for the sole purpose of decorating empty heads.”—
Extract from the Press, 1877.

WE’VE pleaded long, alas ! in vain,
Against this fashion’s gory reign;
We’ve called upon the gentle fair
The useful life of birds to spare.
Alas ! in vain we’ll ever plead
While silly women think they need
A poor bird’s corpse to give them grace,
Expression to the soulless face.
Oh, could we only maidens blame;
But matrons strut in fashion’s shame !
Perchance they think with bright birds dressed
To hide where time their form hath pressed,—
To draw attention from the cheeks
Where crow-foot scratch, though silent, speaks;—
Attention from time-powder’d hair,—
That birdie decked they’ve jaunty air (?).
Shall we for birds yet hopeless mourn ?
No, to the sterner sex we’ll turn;
We’ll call on each true-hearted man
The birdie wearer well to scan—
If slaughtered bird on bonnet lies
Can brain e’er light the wearer’s eyes ?
Can heart e’er warm that wearer’s breast ?
Are empty both her hat and vest ?

If birds be slain your hearts to gain,
Bid maidens know their deeds are vain ;
You are not caught by such small things
As poor dead birds with outstretched wings.
A wife you'll seek with soul refined ;
A woman with a woman's mind.
Ye artists use your art divine,
And try if aught ye can design—
Try all your gifts which nature gave,
The lovely songster's life to save ;
Make birdie forms of fairest mould,
Make silver birds and birds of gold ;
Unite the splendour of the gem,
But try the stream of blood to stem.
With decorations such as these
Dame Fashion's daughters you might please ;
But ever wild are fashion's ways—
Appease, appease this gory craze,
Lest some the scalping knife should take,
A garment gay themselves to make.

THE CARNATION HOME.

(A TRUE FAIRY TALE.)

A LORD of creation—I mean one of mind—
 Went forth one sweet morn a carnation to find ;
 He plucked the sweet flower, but started to hear
 The music of fairies breathe soft on his ear !

A search for the minstrel at once he began
 With his microscope tutor, that true friend of man.
 Oh, marvellous glass !—what had been to his eyes
 But a bright flower pester'd by little grey flies,
 When cast for awhile 'neath thy wondrous power,
 Lo ! a miniature heaven appears in the flower !
 Its fair, polished base seemed a vast marble plain,
 Bearing pillars of grandeur, of pure porcelain,
 With chapiters crowned, as of Heaven's design—
 To tell of their beauty is no gift of mine.
 Walks winding 'mid groves or 'neath lovely parterre,
 With fountains of nectar, were seen everywhere ;
 And clove-perfumed cedars there lent a sweet shade :
 That carnation home seemed for angels but made—
 Like angels the minstrels that dwelt in that flower.
 What proof we have here of God's wisdom and power !
 We scarce comprehend how each bird hath His care,—
 What then of the myriad fly-dwellers in air ?
 Beneath that bright glass even little grey flies
 To glittering, glorious beings arise.

Their velvet-clad shoulders seem blue empyrean,
 Their beautiful wings as of soft silken sheen,

Of rich golden hues passing ought from the loom,
Or rarest of flowers in their glory and bloom,
A thousand bright facets their exquisite eyes,
Out-glitt'ring earth's brilliants or gems of the skies.

Some were seated in groups as if social inclined,
It might be enjoying the pleasures of mind;
To wander alone others often would choose—
Perhaps they were little wing'd sons of the muse.
To the flower's cool verge the more curious walked out—
It might be to see what the glass was about.
A youth, too, appeared, with his favourite maid,
And sauntered with her 'neath the rose-tinted shade.
His form it was graceful, right princely his air,
As in song he addressed his own bright little fair.

Ye linguists pray give me a moment's attention,
To science I have not the slightest pretension:
Pray tell, if you're able, what language was here,
For language there was, the fact seemed to be clear;
If ne'er in the Sanskrit its sweet root had been,
It answered as well, that was plain to be seen.
He'd found the rich nectar the fay would prefer,
And doubtless of this he was singing to her,
For where fountains sparkled in golden display
He drew her attention, then led her away.
Nor did he need lips fairy music to sing:
The music came stealing from under each wing.

Oh, let us have care, then, in moving our flowers,
For friendship and love may exist in their bowers.
One touch of our finger may part them for aye,
Or rob the wee beauties of life's little day.

AN APPEAL TO THE BUILDERS.

1877.

THE Mighty Architect adorned the earth for sons of toil,
But, oh, ye builders where ye touch, its beauties oft ye
 spoil.

I ask ye not for stucco top nor marble mantelpiece,
Nor stoves that take each week at least a ton of "elbow-
 grease"—

In vulgar slang my dainty soul, oh, never could delight:
Had "elbow-grease" been worse in French, it had
 been deem'd polite—

I care not for much ornament to line my entrance hall,
Or satin paper coloured gay to deck my parlour wall ;
I care not that my baluster be carved in curious twist,
Or plainest rail that hand can form my weary steps
 assist ;

I ask for *room*, for *air*, for *light*, free let the sunbeams
 pass ;

Remember when you build a house the duty's now off
 glass !

I ask for room—"For room?" you say ; "The ground
 rent is too high."

There's room enough will cost us nought, between the
 earth and sky.

I've pass'd through many a stately hall, rooms beauteous
 to behold,

But, down upon the basement floor crept fever-breeding
 mould ;

The kindly breezes did their best to pass each tiny gate,

But let in *light* as well as *air* if you would ventilate.
 Good Richardson¹ now calls anew to carry out his plan:
 Sweet lips shall bless him ages hence for elevating man.
 To give us health he means to make our houses stand
 on stilts,
 And underneath fair laundry-maids shall dry their snowy
 quilts.
 Ye rats, ye mice, ye beetles too prepare to meet your
 fate,
 For when our houses stand on stilts ye'll have to
 emigrate.
 No longer length of stairs I'll dread, for arm-in-arm
 with thrift
 To save the carpets—slippers too—he'll give us all a lift!
 Oft have I wished when forc'd to gaze on housetops'
 dingy slate,
 Some fairy power would touch them all and gardens
 would create.
 Such spell of Genius at last hath touched a soul refin'd;
 Like magic he'll these gardens make exactly to my
 mind,
 And on my "lift" I'll quickly mount my flow'r-adorned
 housetop,
 And gather lovely blossoms there, then to my parlour
 drop;
 And though its furniture be plain, cheap, scanty, even
 mean,
 With flow'rets smiling here and there I'll envy not the
 Queen.
 When wakes the sun, then I will wake, to watch my
 roses blow,
 The climbing pea, sweet breathing bean, the sturdy
 cabbage grow:
 But cabbages! what dream is this?—well-nigh had I
 forgot

That cabbage will not sturdy grow if planted in a pot.
 But he who can on housetop make a graceful green-
 house rise
 Will make us kitchen-gardens there though small may
 be their size.
 On miles of England's fruitful soil soon must her
 dwellings stand,
 But when that soil is high in air rich fruits may bless
 the land.
 From dens will come the sons of toil to sit in garden
 chair,
 To breathe the flowery sweets that float in summer
 evening's air,
 To watch the glorious orb of day glide down the golden
 skies,
 Then turn and see the lovely moon in all her beauty
 rise ;
 And England's daughters as they rest beneath embower'd
 shades,
 Will think of homes in Eastern lands and dark-eyed
 Eastern maids.
 Then, oh, ye builders, hie in haste to realise this plan ;
 Sweet lips shall bless you ages hence for elevating
 man !

¹ Some of the cities in America bid fair to realise the prophecies foreshadowed here in the projects of Mr. Richardson the architect.

THE BANKS OF BONNY TYNE.

TO EMMA.

You say you hear the cuckoo's note—
 In mem'ry too I hear it float
 Through Spring's fresh breeze at eventide,
 When seated by our river's side.

In life's young day sweet privilege mine
 To roam those banks of bonny Tyne;
 Methinks no spot on earth so fair
 With which those banks may not compare.

I know not when most beauteous seen—
 When robed in snow, or Spring's first green,
 Or in the flow'rs of Summer's prime,
 Or rosy golden Autumn time.

You tell me of the black-cap bird—
 Its song enchanting once I heard;
 Though that was in my girlhood's years
 Its memory still can charm mine ears.

Though in the town I now must live
 Where those sweet birds no song can give,
 'Tis joy to think they sing to thee,
 And singing bring thee thoughts of me.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

OH, say not earth's purest affections
 Expire at the bright Gates of Bliss;
 That lov'd ones who left us in anguish
 Think ne'er of a sin-world like this;

That the friend whose pure spirit of pity
 Shone brightly o'er earth's troubled lot,
 Now he rests with the Spirits of glory
 Earth's friendships and friends hath forgot.

The child too, the mother's vast treasure,
 Whose death was her two-edgèd sword,
 Shall that mother no longer remember
 When clasp'd to the breast of her Lord?

The mother whose trials are over,
 Who stands in the light of the Throne,
 Can she e'er forget the dear orphans
 She left in the bleak world alone?

Oh, say not earth's purest affections
 Expire at the bright Gates of Bliss,
 That the lov'd ones who left us in anguish
 Think no more of a sin-world like this.

The love that was born in fair Eden,
The love that escaped Eden's doom,
Christ will plant in the regions of Glory,
For ever unfading to bloom.

If Dives remembered his home,
Think not the Redeem'd will forget
The friends that still love them on earth,
Who their absence heart-stricken regret.

Nor say it is wrong to lament—
Death's sorrow the Saviour hath known,
Though not the dear dead but the living
Drew from His God-Spirit that groan.

For Lazarus He knew should come forth
And to Martha and Mary return,
But He wept for the myriads like them
Who the sin-blight of Eden should mourn.

Though eye hath not seen nor ear heard
The joys that encompass the blest,
How oft their rapt spirits may succour
The wearied, the mourning, oppress'd.

Perchance but a heavenward thought
Draws our bright ones in bands from the skies;
Oh, had we the faith of the prophet
To open our sin-darken'd eyes!

Then, then the bright visions we'd see
Would light even Death's dreaded gloom;
The Angel of Death we would welcome,
And kiss the cold breast of the tomb.

Then say not earth's purest affections
Expire at the bright Gates of Bliss;
The lov'd ones who left us in anguish
Hover still o'er a world e'en like this!



POEMS BY THE LATE
EMMA MARY SIMPSON.

TO A SNOWDROP.

BIRDS warble forth no Jubilee
As thy green blades appear ;
'Neath warmer climes beyond the sea
They linger still in fear.

Hail, firstborn child of Mother Earth,
Thou fairest of the throng ;
The sun returns to hail thy birth
Ungreeted by a song.

While, like the bird which Noah sent
To see if floods were lower,
Earth sends thee forth, her floral dove,
To see if winter's o'er.

A DAY AT DEERSTONES.

(NEAR BOLTON ABBEY.)

How fondly memory fosters the image through life's
way

Of all the boon and beauty of one bright summer day,
When many merry maidens went wandering by thy
stream,

Fresh as thy ferns and flow'rets, bright as thy sunny
gleam.

Sees fish, like finny phantoms, darting in thy stream,
And dainty dam'selles dancing enjoy the sunny beam;
While ferny fronds fantastic cling to its moss-grown
stones,

And Columbine coquettish hears Ragged Robin's
moans.

There gleam the golden Cowslip and brighter Butter-
cup—

Earth's stars, the meek-eyed Daisies to heaven's light
look up—

There dauntless Dandelion his golden crown displays
To Sol, in emulation of his resplendent rays.

The Harebell hardly holdeth her blue skirts in the
breeze,

And puritanic Primrose pale nestles 'neath the trees;
The heaven-vestured Violet and blue Forget-me-not,
And sunshine, songs and foliage adorn the favoured
spot.

That spray with sunny sparkles, how lovely when at
rest,

The beauty both of earth and sky reflected on its breast.

Like zephyr breeze to fevered brain the memory of that
day

Comes sweetly to my longing soul and cheers me on
life's way.

TOWN'S CHILDREN.

THANK God they're sometimes happy,
 In the midst of rags and dirt,
 With a crab-shell, or a bobbin,
 A sucker, or a squirt.

With e'en a heavy baby,
 Wrapped in her thin old shawl,
 In proud content one wanders,
 A woman, three feet tall.

From slums and dirtiest alleys
 I've heard their voices rise
 As sweet, and gay as any lark's
 When soaring in the skies.

I've seen them gaily dancing
 To organs in the street,
 And ne'er a belle a dance enjoyed
 Like theirs with naked feet.

They've seen no verdant meadows,
 Their sky is black with smoke,
 And e'en the mighty river
 No question can provoke

Of Him from whom their being
 And powers they derive—
 Immortal souls less thoughtful
 Than bees in crowded hive.

But if so little pleases,
As little gives them pain,
And lives, that might be beautiful,
Show sin's degrading stain.

Thank God ! that noble-minded
Good men, and women too,
Are seeking out the poor lost lambs
And strive some good to do.

If only to provide the means
To show them sky and sea,
To let them know their Maker's work
In beauteous flower and tree.

Ah, when we stand unveiled at last
Each heart its judge shall be,
When Christ repeats "As ye have done
To them, ye've done to Me."

LINDA AND THE FAIRIES.

'NEATH the hanging brow of an ancient hill,
 Where the moonbeams gild the murmuring rill,
 Is a silent dell, on whose emerald floor
 The fairies dance, when their work is o'er.
 In this snug retreat, on a fairies' fête,
 Fair Linda was found (to escape 'twas too late)
 As merrily laughing they closed around,
 Each ringing a harebell unplucked from the ground.
 Poor Linda was frightened at first by the din,
 But soon gaining courage, the dancing joined in,
 While the trees over head softly whistled the tune,
 The wee fairies danced 'neath the big laughing moon.
 And leaflet and twig with a dewdrop bedecked
 By fireflies lighted, as none would expect,
 Formed a fine lacy roof to the dancing hall
 Where the fairy king held his birthday ball.
 Fairy and Kobold, Gnome, Goblin, and Sprite
 Shared in the feast that midsummer night.
 Linda the dancing led off with the king,
 The queen and a gnome came next in the ring ;
 Her robe was a pansy embroidered with pearls,
 A dew-spangled cobweb half covered her curls,
 And when she was tired, the small dapper gnome,
 With nectar in moss-cups, politely did come.
 Oh, how Linda laughed, as she noticed the pranks
 The youngsters were playing outside of the ranks.
 Some riding on toads, and some fencing with grass,
 Some barring the pathway, that no one might pass.

Two sprites had a race 'twixt a couple of snails ;
A-perched on the shells, they set spurs to their tails ;
But Linda so hated to see cruel play,
She earnestly begged they would let them away ;
And the queen was so pleased with her goodness of
heart

That she gave her a diamond before they must part ;
'Twas cut like a lens, and it so magnified
That fairies, by daylight, with it could be spied.
In moss-covered caves, or in crumbling old walls
She could see the most beautiful fairy halls.
And little folks wondered oft as she play'd
What Linda could see in a deep forest glade.

THE BOY AND THE MOON.

(SONG.)

UP the silvery path on the glittering sea,
 A boy in a boat went cheerily ;
 He thought if he travelled that glistening way,
 He surely would get to the moon some day ;
 That way, one day,
 To the moon he could get that way.
 But each wave, as he reached it, lost its sheen,
 And the moon, with a smile on her face was seen
 Mocking the boy, as far over his head,
 To fulfil her appointed task she sped ;
 O'er head she sped,
 And laughed at the boy as she sped.
 We are all like children who strive for the moon,—
 Each step, as we gain it, is dark so soon,
 And still far above—but mocking our soul,
 Beyond our reach hangs the longed-for goal ;
 The Soul, the Goal
 Mocks and eludeth the Soul.

THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

(SONG.)

WOULD you like to know where the fairies dwell?
 Then hearken to me and I will tell
 Where they hide their heads in the sweet woodbine
 To wait till the silv'ry moon doth shine,
 When their tinkling little feet
 To Eolian music sweet
 Dance in the haunted dell.

I'll show you their ring, by my magic spell,
 On the velvet sward of the fairy dell,
 And their flight of stairs up the silv'ry beam,
 That bright from the moon through the trees doth gleam;
 Where their merry little feet
 To Eolian music sweet
 Trip up and down the dell.

I'll show you how dancing they weave their spells
 To the silv'ry sound of their flow'ret bells,
 From moss cups drink the glitt'ring dew ;
 And the fairies light and fleet
 The favoured guest to greet
 Shall chime their flow'ret bells.

SIR MERVIN AND THE MERMAID.

(ALLITERATIVE.)

BENEATH the glist'ning water gleamed the golden sand,
 Beneath the burning sunshine basked the breathless
 strand,

Like silver shone the scallop-shells, enwoven in sea-
 weed,

And fishes flashed, like phantoms, across an emerald
 meed,

When weak and worn and weary, with wand'rings far
 and wide,

A noble knight dismounted and neared the ocean
 side.

It was a siren-haunted spot,

But he, a stranger, knew it not.

The cloudless dome of heaven's pure celestial blue

Was doubled in the water's deep transparent hue ;

The lazy ripples ling'ring, lapped with limpid lip

The sandy shore, and softly its sweetness seemed
 to sip.

The stillness and the sunshine, with the silence of the
 deep,

The fainting knight soothed gratefully, and lulled him
 nigh asleep.

His wayworn feet in cooling wave

The weary traveller fain would lave.

Delighted then he doffed his dusty panoply,
And laved his long and lissom limbs beneath the sunlit
sea.

His strength revived, his spirits rose, and soon he felt
once more

The lust of life, of love of strife, and turned towards the
shore,

When full and flutelike floating upon the fawning flood
There rose entrancing music, at which Sir Mervin
stood;—

A glamour o'er his spirit fell,
Enraptured by the mermaid's spell.

“Come,” sang the siren, “come with me adown my
coral bowers;

Come share my home, with me abide; come see my
living flowers.

The wonders of the mighty deep I'll show thee near
and far,

And drive thee o'er the waters in my hippocampus car,
To where, beneath the billows, wave majestic ocean
palms;

Come spend eternity with me, clasped in my loving
arms.”

The magic powers of song and smile
The traveller's soul and sense beguile.

Her form upon the waters like faultless ivory gleamed,
Her lips, for parted rows of pearls, a coral casket
seemed.

A naut'lus shell, upon her head, she wore like warrior's
crest,

'Neath which her hair, a golden tide, fell rippling on
her breast;

Her lustrous eyes like sapphires shone and spell-bound
held the knight

With heart-inflaming passion, as he looks upon the
sprite;

With arm outstretched she draws him near,
And 'neath the wave they disappear.

LINES FOR A CHRISTMAS CARD.

I.

OVER the fields of eternal snow,
 Over the hills where the Fir trees grow,
 Over the ice-bound northern seas
 Comes Santa Claus with his Christmas trees,

Peeps through the frost-ferned panes of glass
 Into the children's rooms he'll pass,
 From his wonderful sack bring toys and sweets
 For the good little ones whom the Christ-Child
 greets.

II.

BEAR the message borne by Angels
 At the first glad Christmastide:
 "Peace on earth, good will from Heaven
 Evermore with men abide."

Tell our friends in distant regions,
 Hearts in that communion bound;
 Think of them, and send them greeting,
 As that time again comes round.

WATCH NIGHT.

(NEW YEAR'S EVE.)

ANOTHER year has closed upon us,
Another opens blank—untrod:
May we end as we've begun it,
Walking in the Light of God.
As the snow, our conscience spotless,
Gleaming in that hallow'd Light,
Lending and receiving radiance,
Shine out through the shade of night.

A MEMORY OF SPRING.

OH ! cuckoo, cease thy weary note,
 So busy and so glad ;
 The contrast now, between us two,
 Is like to drive me mad !

Last year, like echo to thy note,
 O'er sunny moorlands rang
 In mimicry, a childish voice,
 As by my side there sprang

The blue-eyed boy who now sleeps low
 'Neath flowers—more sweetly fair,
 Culled in his bloom, while they still live,
 And thou art mocking there.

Why singest thou? why shines the sun ?
 Why leap the streams for joy
 When I am sad? for he is dead !
 My blue-eyed winsome boy.

No, cuckoo, no ! The Spring's return
 With sun, and flowers, and birds
 Thou dost announce, and they to me
 Tell in their own sweet words

Of that bright never-ending Spring
In which transplanted flowers
Bloom in God's heavenly acre as
They never bloom in ours.

ORIGINAL FABLE.

A CATERPILLAR, crawling on a leaf,
 Expressed it as his firm belief,
 "That from his chrysalis tomb
 'Twas nonsense to think he'd a butterfly come;
 I breathe through my sides, I've dozens of feet,
 And honey and nectar to me arn't so sweet
 As this cabbage leaf, tender and green;
 The swallow that said so was doting, I ween.
 It don't stand to reason my nature should turn,
 Or that I, preserving my actual identity,
 Ever should come such a rich feast to spurn.
 I'd sooner believe in my future nonentity!
 To think that *I'd* have wings, six legs, and two
 antennæ,
 I wonder the idea's deceived so many.
 My future bliss, if I'm at all to enjoy it,
 And have no trouble to destroy it,
 Would be to find a monster cauliflower,
 Tender and sweet, that never would decay,
 But which would grow as fast as I devour,
 And where, in endless sunshine, I'd pass my time
 away."
 So argue those wise in their foolish conceit,
 Maintaining all Reason can't grasp is deceit,
 Of the wonderful change in their nature there'll be
 When their spirits arise in Eternity.

THE LARK AND HIS MATE.

A LARK soared high in the bright blue sky,
 Towards yon radiant goal,
 And poured forth a song, loud, clear, and strong,
 In the yearning that filled his soul.

But he could not gain what he would fain—
 And the weary pinions failed—
 He sank from the height of his loftiest flight,—
 His endeavours had nought availed.

But in his nest, on his partner's breast
 (Though with him she could not soar),
 A friend he found, who loved the sound
 Of the songs he could so outpour ;

Whose faithful eyes watched her loved one rise
 On far aspiring wing,
 While she humbly did wait to console her mate
 When he could no longer sing.

Happy's the man on this earth who can,
 When his flights of genius cease,
 In a loving wife and domestic life,
 Consolation find and peace.

Although in vain he should strive to gain
The goal for which he yearns,
Though till out of sight he prolong his flight,
If love waits his return.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

I WAS asked by a friend if I kindly would deign
 To deface her a page with poetical strain;
 I humm'd and I haw'd and I racked my poor brains,
 But never a line could I get for my pains.
 Shall I write about flowers? Pooh! every one does!
 Or the gay-tinted insects that over them buzz,
 Or the deep rolling ocean resounding afar,
 Or the light in the eye of an angel—a star?
 Of the wonders revealed by the microscope's power
 In beings created to live but an hour,
 Of the wonders of Science unfolded each day
 Or the beauties of Art that all time doth display?
 Shall I choose a great hero of high life or low
 To enable my rhymes in true measure to flow?—
 But others have tried all these subjects before,
 So I'd better stop trying to write any more.

IDEAL WOMAN.

(WHAT SHE IS.)

IDEAL woman's found in parts,
 But never as a whole ;
 Although you march till East joins West,
 Or search from Pole to Pole.

Minerva's wisdom, Venus' form,
 With youth and grace endowed ;
 Industrious as Penelope,
 In nought but virtue proud.

Like Martha in her household care,
 With Mary's wisdom-loving mind,
 Not prone to chide or answer back,
 With meekness tact combined.

With beauty too and every grace
 Sweet womanhood attains ;
 Such as the poet-painter gives
 Madonna in his strains.

Such would she be, but, ah ! 'tis well,
 One's never to be found ;
 Or worse than Helen's fatal gifts
 She'd spread destruction round.

IDEAL WOMAN.

(WHAT SHE IS NOT.)

SHE is not compounded of padding and paint,
In the company of virtue she feels no restraint;
Old people and children she ne'er votes a bore,
Their infirmities claim her attention the more.

She is not all eager to get the best place,
And scandalous tales ne'er her sweet lips disgrace;
She talks not to men with continuous chaff;
At her own inane jokes does not constantly laugh.

She spends not much money or time on her dress,
Yet her garments the mind of a lady express;
She never is peevish or sulky or cross,
And when she's from home no one says, "It's no loss."

And when she is won by the man of her choice,
Both his friends and hers in their union rejoice;
And if he should die ere her journey is done,
She'll seek for no second, she'll ne'er love but one.

THE DEFEAT OF AUTUMN.

(ALLITERATIVE.)

Now the golden grain is garnered,
 Fading flutters every leaf,
 Sobbing, soughing winds are wailing,
 Winter walks with wand as chief.

Boreas blows with bustling bluster
 Over field and fold and fell,
 Creaking, shrieking, rending, bending
 Branches break beneath his spell.

Spreads his spell, still onward speeding,
 Locking lakes in icy links,
 Crashing, dashing, billows lashing
 To the rugged rocks' bold brinks.

Autumn, all her aureate glory
 Robbed of, hides her head with shame,
 Sobbing sore she sinks dejected
 Back to Earth from whence she came.

LOVE AND NATURE.

(SONG.)

THERE'S a golden rift in a purple cloud,
And a foreground of lacy trees,
And music murm'ring in the brook
And whistling in the breeze.
Golden gleaming, Sunlight beaming,
Comes the Spring.

There's a maiden catching the golden gleam
In the web of her chestnut hair,
And love-light makes her eyes shine bright ;
The man she loves is there.
Love-light beaming, Sunny dreaming,
Love's sweet Spring.

LINES.

As the reflection of the sun on still pure water gleams,
So, in a pure still Christian heart the Sun of Heaven
 beams ;
And as the bosom of a lake disturbed by wind and
 storm
Reflects imperfectly the sun, distorted, out of form—
The Christian's heart by worldly cares tossed restless
 to and fro
Will of the Sun of Righteousness a feeble image show.

ON AN ATTEMPTED CONTEMPLATION OF
THE UNIVERSE.

IF thou would'st feel as Angels feel,
Go look upon a star,
And realise the awful fact
That myriads such there are.

Not worlds are they but blazing suns,
And systems round them roll—
An atom in immensity
Is thy presumptuous soul!

Eternity before, behind—
The Seraphs feel as thou,
When they regard the universe
And *Him* th' Eternal Now!

Yet not too great to care for each
Small creature of an hour,
Or tend the cradle in the heart
Of some wee desert flower.

An atom in immensity
Is thy frail yearning soul,
Yet 'tis a known and cared-for part
Of the Paternal Whole.

Not height, nor depth, nor heaven, nor hell,
Can cut thee from His love;
His throne is in the lowliest heart,
As well as Heaven above.

Omniscient and beneficent,
And present everywhere,
He knows each child of distant stars
And hearkens to its prayer.

REGRET.

WE knew not all our treasure till the beauteous soul
had fled,
We valued not our lov'd one until numbered with the
dead;
We cared not for the virtues, nor considered, but to
blame
The meek and gentle spirit who for self did nothing
claim.
Ah, had we only known it, how much bitter keen
remorse
We'd spared ourselves for ever when reflecting on our
course !
How many a heartfelt sorrow—how many a bitter tear
We'd saved to the departed whom *now* we hold so
dear!
How gladly for forgiveness, or for one smile from the
dead,
We'd barter earth's chief pleasures, or wish to die
instead;
We neglected golden chances till for ever they had fled,
And the tongue that would forgive us is silent with the
dead.

THE QUESTION.

WHAT we *were* concerneth none,
 What we *are* will soon be gone,
 What we *will* be who can tell?
 Heirs of Heaven, or doomed to Hell.
 Golden chances now are ours,
 Cheering hopes and vigorous powers,
 Free salvation offered all—
 Hark to the Redeemer's call!
 Why should men so proudly spurn
 The gift divine, and from it turn?
 Because 'tis *free* ye turn away!—
Have ye wherewithal to pay?

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